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# History of Cavendish, Vermont

*by* LOIS WHEELER

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AT PROCTORSVILLE, VERMONT

PROCTORSVILLE, VERMONT

1952

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## PREFACE

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Proctorsville, Vermont

March—1950

Dear Friends,

It seems fitting that a history of Cavendish should be finished at the half-century mark. Throughout the years Cavendish has been without one and now at the half way mark it should encourage history lovers to work for a higher goal—information of the past for the people of today.

Believe me, a history is not so easy to write as it may seem. It's an endless task of searching for material, pictures and maps. Still it is not dull, piecing together the puzzle of a town's beginning.

Without the help and encouragement of those who gave me their time and material this history would never have been. To thank each one of you on this page would be impossible. Then let this letter be a small tribute of appreciation to you who remain behind the scenes of this—my first history.

To write a complete history would take many more years than the four that have been spent on this one. I hope, for the time being, that this book will serve as the Town of Cavendish History.

Sincerely,

Lois Wheeler



## INTRODUCTION

---

To the People of Cavendish:

It is a source of much satisfaction to me to know that Lois Wheeler has written a history of Cavendish.

This village has long been a place close to the hearts of my ancestry and to me personally. My grandmother, Emily J. Dutton, was born here, and it was here that she married my grandfather, Redfield Proctor. During the course of their romance, I can easily imagine my grandfather riding in a horse and buggy many times over the road between Proctorsville and Cavendish. In the cemetery are buried several members of the Dutton family, and others related to me.

The histories of our Vermont towns are interesting to those who have had a part in the towns' affairs; they are likewise important in the history of the state. From our Vermont farms and villages have come many men and women who later attained fame in national affairs. In our Vermont villages, such as Cavendish, we have found democracy at its best through the years.

I congratulate Lois Wheeler on her efforts in writing such an interesting history of Cavendish. It will be valuable in the annals of the state for generations to come.

Sincerely yours,

Mortimer R. Proctor

MRP LMD



# Foreword

THE worthy Benning Wentworth, esq., colonial governor of the province of New Hampshire, on behalf of his master, George III of England, did on October 12, 1761, convey, grant and deed (subject to usual restrictions) to Amos Kimball, and his associates, the original territory embraced in the town of Cavendish. The grant was to be divided into seventy-two shares, and a number of proprietors in 1762 visited the town, surveyed it, allotted the shares in severalty, and according to their own account "were in great forwardness when disputes arose," which caused them to abandon the undertaking. Another attempt was made in 1765, but it was four years after that before any actual settlement was made. Owing to land difficulties a charter was obtained by the grantees of the New Hampshire Charter, from the province of New York, June 16, 1772.

## CHAPTER ONE

### Mrs. Johnson's Captivity

1754

DURING the summer of 1754, the Indians made many attacks on the frontier settlers of New Hampshire. On the morning of August 30th, 1754, a party of Indians appeared at Fort No. 4 (now Charlestown, N.H.) and made captives of James Johnson, his wife, three children and several others. Soon after daylight the Indians started with their captives for Canada, by the way of Crown Point, and on the evening of the first day camped in the southwest corner of what is now the town of Reading. On the morning of August 31st Mrs. Johnson, who had been carried half a mile from camp to a spot that was in the present limits of Cavendish, gave birth to a daughter who was named Elizabeth "Captive" Johnson.\*

\* Elizabeth "Captive" Johnson, the third white woman born in Vermont lived to womanhood, and became the wife of Colonel George Kimball.

From "A Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Johnson" we have the following account of her revisit:

"In September, 1797, I made a tour, accompanied by Elijah Grout, Esq., and my daughter, E. C. Kimball, to Weatherfield, to find the spot of ground where my daughter was born; but could not find it to my satisfaction at the time. In August, 1798 I again set off for the same purpose, accompanied by my daughter, and was joined by Nathaniel Stoton, Esq., and Mrs. Whipple, of Weathersfield. In this tour we passed two small streams, and on coming to the third I was convinced it must be up that stream some distance. I requested a halt; and on viewing a cliff of rocks, I informed my company that we were not far from the place. We pursued up the stream a little farther, and on viewing the rocks aforesaid, I knew them to be the same which were spoken of by my husband and others on the morning of our departure on our journey with the Indians, which rock, they said, would remain as a monument, that should any of us ever be so happy as to return we might find the place, although at this time, it was nothing but wilderness. We also discovered a small bog meadow where the horse mired with me in the morning prior to the birth of my child. And I recollect that it was nigh the brook, or when crossing the stream, that I felt the first pangs which were indicative of the sorrowful scene that soon followed. And from the rocks before mentioned, the bog meadows, the stream, and a dry spot of ground resembling the one on which the savages built my booth, circumstances that could not well be forgotten, I was well satisfied as to it's being the place for which I had sought. However, that I might be still more certain, (as I purposed to have a monument erected on the spot,) in 1799 I again set out, accompanied by my friend and fellow prisoner, Mr. Labaree, and took a further view, to ascertain with more precision the memorable place. When we had arrived we were both agreeable as to

The book itself, *The Captivity of Mrs. Johnson*, is one of the rarest Vermont productions. The story was first told by John C. Chamberlain, and published at Walpole, N. H. in 1796. The second edition was printed at Windsor, Vt., in 1807. The third edition, enlarged with notes and appendix was printed at Windsor, in 1814. The last two editions are largely Mrs. Johnson's own handiwork, and were revised and edited at her request. She died November 27, 1810, at the age of 81 years, a month or two after finishing the manuscript of the last edition of her book. Another account is in "Indian Narratives" published in 1854.

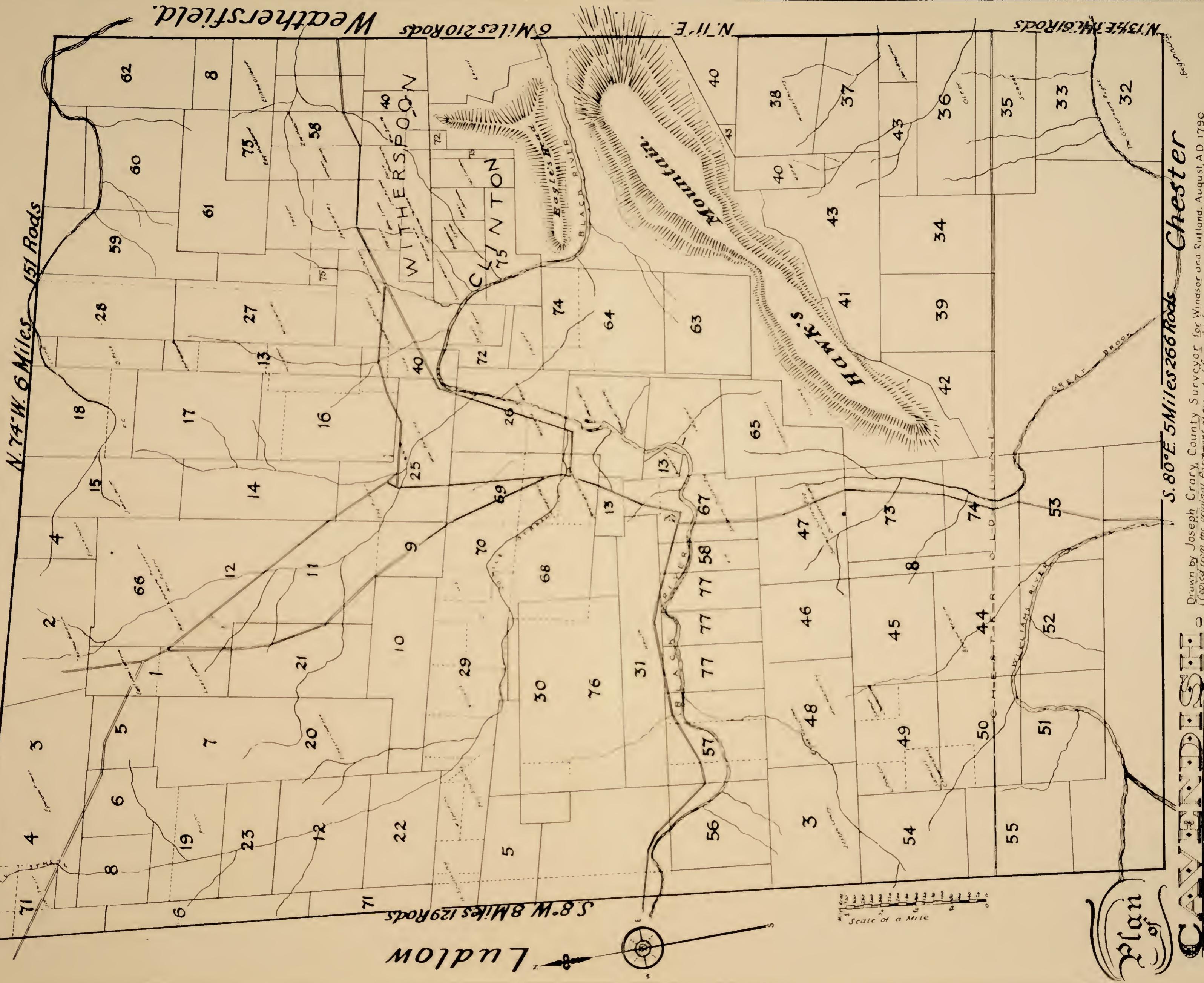


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# Reading



Copy of Original Charter of the Town of Cavendish, Vermont

Drawn by Joseph Crary, County Surveyor for Windsor and Rutland, August, A.D. 1790  
Copied from the original parchment of my copy of Cenardish's Charter and Town Clerk by F. H. Dewart, City Engineer during the year 1896  
Then reduced to a true copy from the original, to which a few names taken from Field Book of Surveyor were added.



the identical spot of ground, even within a few feet; and ascertained that it was on the northeast corner lot of land in Caven-dish, and is about half a mile from the main road leading from Weathersfield to Reading, where is erected a monument with the following inscription which the friendly reader may view if he should ever pass that way:



COURTESY NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

*Birth of Elizabeth Captive Johnson*

"This is near the spot where the Indians encamped the night after they took Mr. Johnson and family, Mr. Labaree and Farnsworth, August 30, 1754; and Mrs. Johnson was delivered of her child half a mile up this brook.

"When trouble's near the Lord is kind,  
He hears the captive's cry;  
He can subdue the savage mind,  
And learn it sympathy.

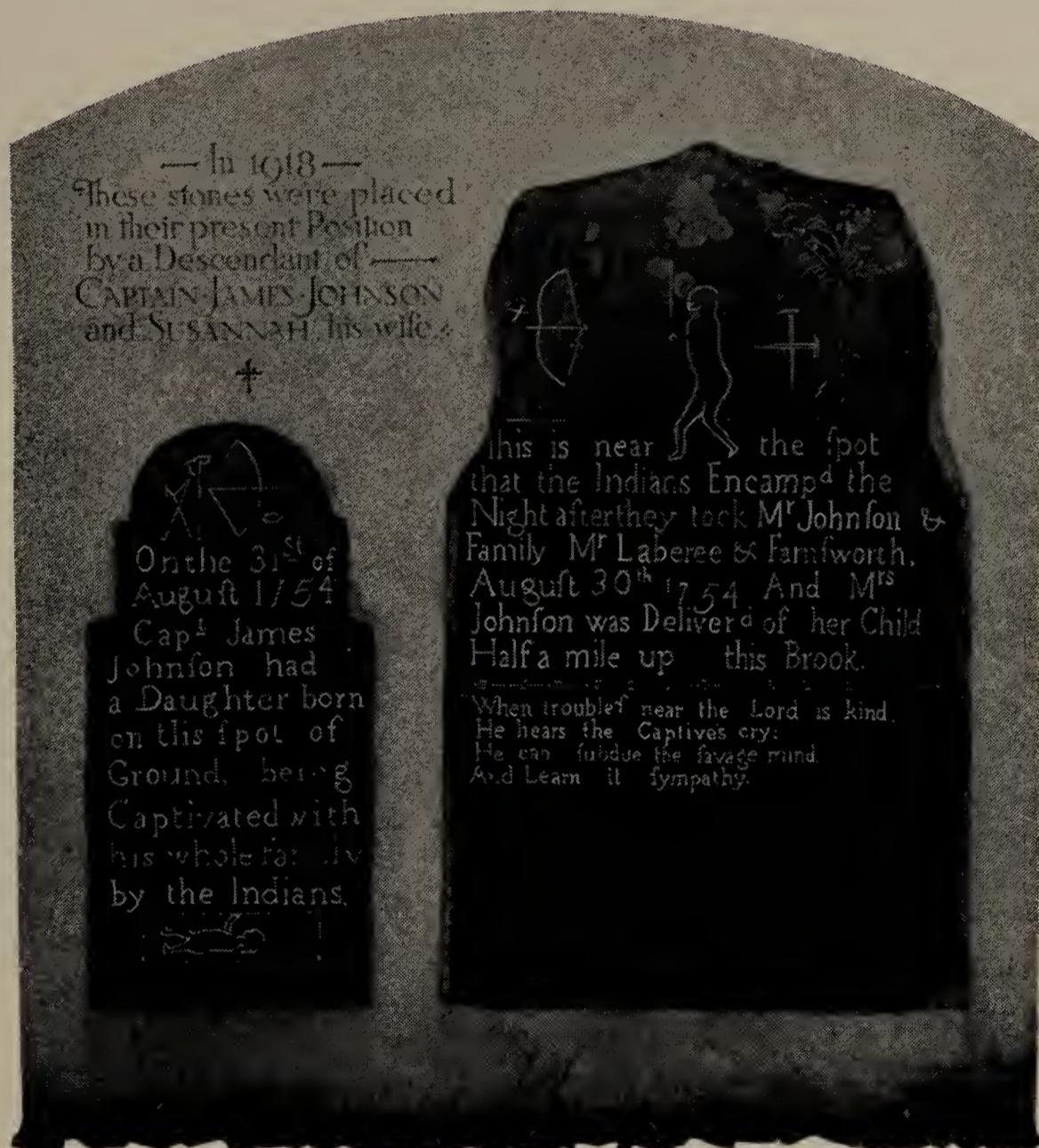
Another monument is erected on the spot of ground where the child was born, with this inscription:

"On the 31st of August, A.D. 1754, Capt. James Johnson had a daughter born on this spot of ground; being captivated with his whole family by the Indians.

"If mothers e'er should wander here,  
They'll drop a sympathetic tear  
For her, who in the howling wild,  
Was safe deliver'd of a child."

In June, 1808, I, for the last time, visited the place where almost fifty-four years before, I had experienced the keenest sorrow that perhaps was ever equalled by any woman. I was accompanied by Col. Kimball and my daughter, E. Captive, his wife, to Weathersfield; and there we were joined by Capt. Sherwin and his wife, and Mr. Demell Grout. (This Mr. Demell Grout was a son of Mrs. Grout who was in captivity at the same time that I was). When we arrived at the brook, my thoughts were instantly back at the time I first saw it, though the scene was widely different from what it then was. It was then a dreary wilderness; now the wilderness was turned into fruitful fields, dressed in verdure, which richly repaid the labors of the husbandman. It was then a dwelling for savages and wild beasts of the forest; now a habitation of good citizens, with their herds, and flocks, who live in domestic peace, happiness and plenty. After viewing the scene, and contemplating on the striking contrast a few moments, to add to the sensibility, we sat down and partook of a repast, and regaled ourselves with liquor mixed with water from the same fountain that I and my child first partook of in that gloomy and sorrowful day of trouble and affliction. Then my fare was meagre meal and water and steeped roots, and a large wooden spoon to feed my infant babe; now we had the best of liquid spirits, and eatables which in comparison, might be said to be dainties. The contrast is too great for pen to describe." Thus ends the account of Mrs. Johnson's historic contribution to the Town of Cavendish.

Two stones stand in the Town of Reading. The History of Charlestown, N.H., says that Mrs. Johnson negotiated these monuments, prepared the inscriptions, and directed that the smaller stone should be placed upon the spot where her child was born, while the larger should mark the place where the Indians encamped; but regardless of her instructions the stones were placed together on the main road leading from Weathersfield to Reading—where they have stood for a century.



*Monuments Erected by Mrs. Johnson*

## CHAPTER TWO

## Crown Point Road

1759

PROBABLY every town has some curious bit of history but just the name Twenty-Mile Stream is sufficient to make any person wonder just how it came to be.

In 1759, General Jeffery Amherst, British Commander of the Continental forces sent Captain John Stark and two-hundred rangers to cut a road from Fort No. 4 at Charlestown, N.H., to Crown Point, the most important fortress on Lake Champlain.

On this route the men marched twenty miles each day and on the first night out of Charlestown they stopped at what is now called Twenty-Mile Stream. For many years this military road was one of the most important in New England, forming a link in the defense of the colonies and affording an easy means for the transportation of troops and ordnance. Much of the old Crown Point Road has been incorporated in the present state highways, although in places where the ancient route passed over steep hills or across marshes, the route has been abandoned, but may be traced by the growth of small trees along the old highway.

Colonel John Hawks, while traversing the wilderness of Vermont, encamped in the South part of Cavendish. The mountain bears the name Hawks Mountain and traces of the encampment, it is said, are still visible.

The Crown Point Road following an old Indian Trail, avoids the tangled underbrush, the swamps and the streams, and keeps along on high ground crossing the tributaries of the Black River near their sources to render bridges unnecessary. From Russell's corner the road pursued a westerly direction by the places now occupied by D. F. Stearns, D. Kendal and A. Wiley until it crossed the east branch of Tracy Brook near I. Hemenway's, then turning toward the northwest it passed to the east of the old burying ground, across the highway near Mr. Quirk's house, and keeping on through his mowing and Mr. Henry Spaulding's pasture, crossed the west branch of Tracy brook near Andrew Parker's house. To the rear of the place where Mr. Parker's

barn now stands, the builders of the road encountered a very steep grade, and here for ten or fifteen rods the road is very plain to be seen. Following the old road up a long hill ten or twelve rods east of the present road we come upon the farm of Mr. Jacob S. Parker. Here a great deal of labor was required to be done, and here we come upon the site of one of the old log camps once occupied by the Rangers under Stark, or the men of Hawks or Goffe when they were at work transforming the Indian Trail into a road. When Mr. Junius Parker came here and settled in 1787, the remains of the cabin could still be seen. The spot was well chosen. Nearby is a never-failing spring of delicious cold water. It is a sightly place, where one could not easily be surprised by the lurking and insidious foe. One of the occupants of the cabin fell victim to disease and still sleeps on the hillside beside the road he helped to build. His name has already disappeared.

Following the tracks of the old road where it leaves the site of the old cabin and enters Mr. Parker's "Dutton Pasture" about 30 rods from his house we come upon the grave, one rod north of the stone wall and east of the barway. A rough stone marks the head, within ten feet of the old road. Fifteen rods northwest of the grave a well laid stone causeway fifteen feet across, and then ten rods further on, another, where it became necessary to surmount a ledge, both in a good state of preservation, mark the course of the old road. Through this pasture it is easily traced ascending a rocky knoll nearly to the summit, about forty rods east of the old Nathan Hatch farm on the travelled road, thence, through the woods and upon the farm of Mr. Edward Fletcher, where it runs nearly north, passing east of Mr. Fletcher's barn and thence on past the spot where stood the house of Captain Coffeen, the first settler in Caver-dish. Following the old road we next come to the land of Clark Chapman Esq. and Norman Biglow. Next it crosses the old Carter place, now owned by Mr. Parker Green, and then over land of Mr. Rest. Crossing the highway, Twenty-Mile Stream, and the land of Wm. Smith, Esq. just north of his residence, at the Twenty Mile Post was the Twenty-Mile Encampment" which gave its name to the stream, one of the principal tributaries of the Black River.

According to Mr. Burbank (Historical Address on Twenty-Mile Encampment) an older branch of the road passed from the Jacob Sullivan Parker place to near the Heald place, and from thence it passed round Mt. Gilead and to this spot on the southwest side of Gilead. Its course took it through considerable soft, swampy ground, which was corduroyed. In some places the remains can be seen today, also where a brook was bridged, and there is said to be a cellar hole where Captain Coffeen built his first house in 1769. The later road passed the Chas. S. Parker place where Capt. Coffeen built his tavern. A surveyor's map of the Town of Cavendish in 1790 shows the road going from the tavern directly over the hill westerly. It intersected the other (first) road on the hill east of here, perhaps a third of a mile from this camp ground. In all probability the first road was discontinued on account of its being soft and wet in places.

Now that over 150 years have passed there is no more valued heirloom that a town can possess than a portion of the Old Crown Point Road. Every farmer whose farm is contiguous to the route desires to claim it on his property. In many places the track is lost and can be located only by tradition.

## CHAPTER THREE

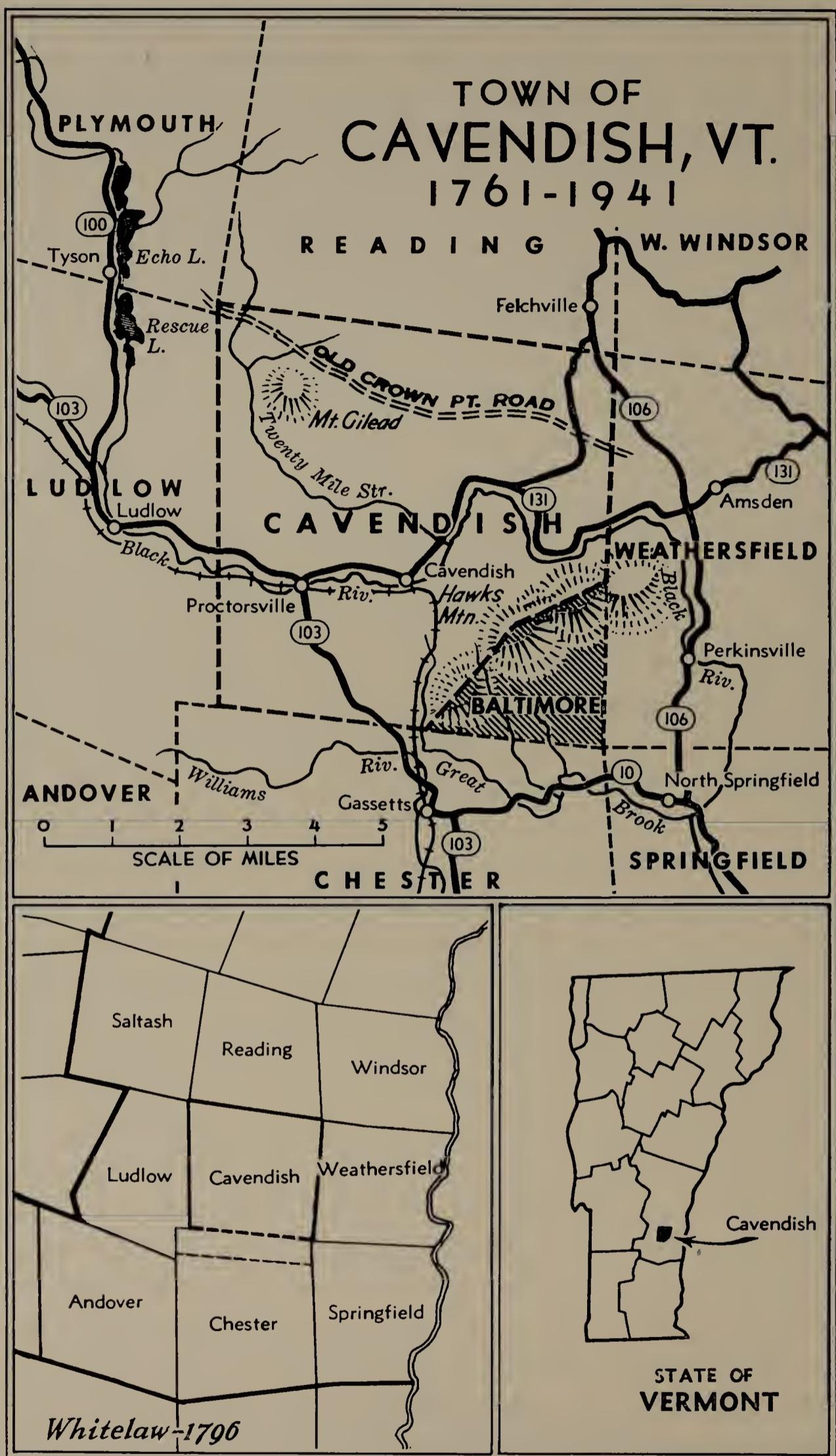
## Cavendish

1769

CAVENDISH is located in the south central part of Windsor County. It is bounded on the north by Reading, on the west by Ludlow, on the south by Chester and Baltimore, and on the east by Baltimore and Weathersfield. The territory lies in the valley of the Black River. It was granted to Amos Kimball and his associates, in seventy-two shares, by New Hampshire, the charter being issued October 12, 1761, and was re-chartered by New York, June 16, 1772. Its original area was about seven miles square; but October 19, 1793, the southeastern corner, containing about 3,000 acres, was incorporated into a new township, by the name Baltimore. This was done on account of Hawks Mountain, which formed a natural barrier, preventing convenient communication between the two sections.

The surface of the town is rather uneven, yet not sufficiently so, except in certain localities, to retard cultivation of the soil, which is, in most parts, of an excellent quality. Black River, which flows across the town from west to east, and Twenty-Mile Stream, which flows in a southerly direction and unites with it about a mile and a half north of the village, are the principal streams, though they have many tributaries. The scenography and surface geology of the valley of Black River at this point are among the most interesting and beautiful in the State.

From Chester the railroad enters the town through a valley that was doubtless, in the early ages of the earth's history, the bed of Black River. Following this valley, soon after entering Cavendish, a deep gorge between Hawks Mountain and Duttons hill is found. In this gorge abundant evidence is presented, in the water-worn appearance of the rocks and in the numerous pot-holes, that a large stream of water once had its course through this gulf. A small brook, sustained by the waters from a few springs, winds along through the gorge, a diminutive representative of the powerful current that cut down this deep abyss and left in it such fantastic markings. Emerging from the



Produced by THE NATIONAL SURVEY, Chester, Vt.

Map of Cavendish, Vermont

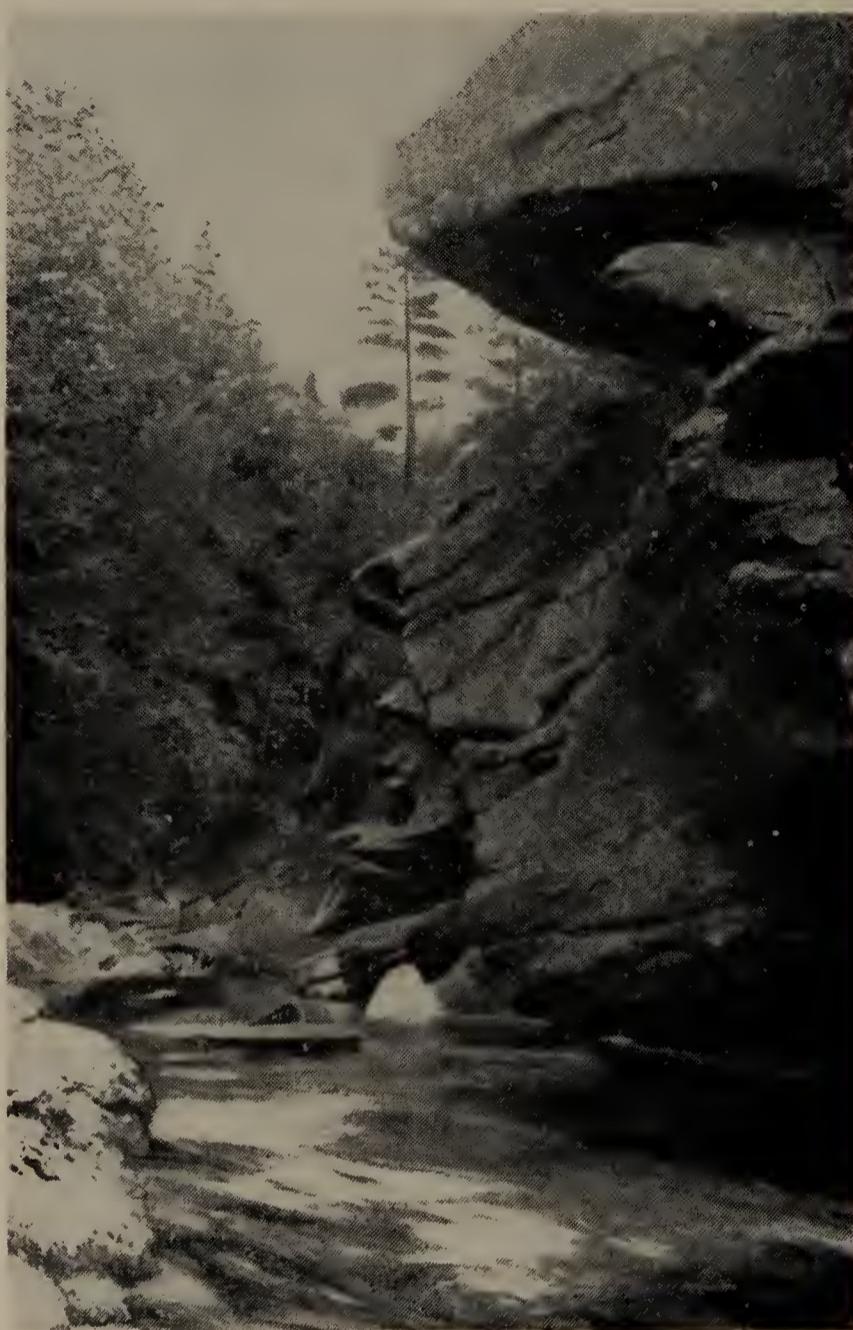
north end of Duttonsville gulf, Cavendish village breaks in upon the view, with Black River flowing through the fertile valley and suddenly disappearing in a deep, dark gorge, the rocky walls of which are more precipitous than those in the gulf just passed. The numerous terraces that skirt the valleys, and the high rocky walls that rise on either side of the deep gorge through which the river now escapes, give evidence that before that rocky barrier was cut asunder by the stream a lake or pond existed in the valley, the outlet of which lay through Duttonsville gulf.

About half a mile east of Cavendish village are Cavendish falls. The waters of the river go dancing down through the deep ravine as though rejoicing in their liberty and exulting at the great victory they had won in the remote past over the adjacent rocks by cutting that yawning and cavernous gorge through them.

“Varnum’s Point” is the name given one point affording a magnificent view. The origin of the name is somewhat amusing: In 1841, as Varnum Lockwood was quarrying limestone from the ledge near the southern brink of the river, by springing hard upon his iron bar he lost his balance and was thrown over the precipice into the whirling waters forty-five and one-half feet below. His companions, rushing to the brink, beheld him buffeting with the high swelling waves, which even and anon would engulf him, in spite of his frantic efforts to escape. At last he succeeded in securing a hold upon a jutting rock, by which he drew himself from the water in an almost exhausted state. He was beyond the reach of his companions, who, solicitous for his welfare, but unable to descend to his assistance, made earnest inquiries whether he was much injured by the fall. Looking up, and intently feeling in his pockets, while the water ran in torrents from his drenched person, he replied: “The fall didn’t hurt me much, but I’m darned ’fraid I’ve lost my jack-knife.” “Varnum’s Point” the spot has ever since been called.

Passing down the southern bank a distance of forty rods, “Lover’s Leap” is reached. Here the jutting mica schist stands out in an angle of the stream, affording one who has the nerve to stand upon a perpendicular precipice a hundred feet above the foaming current that lashes itself to a foam in the abyss be-

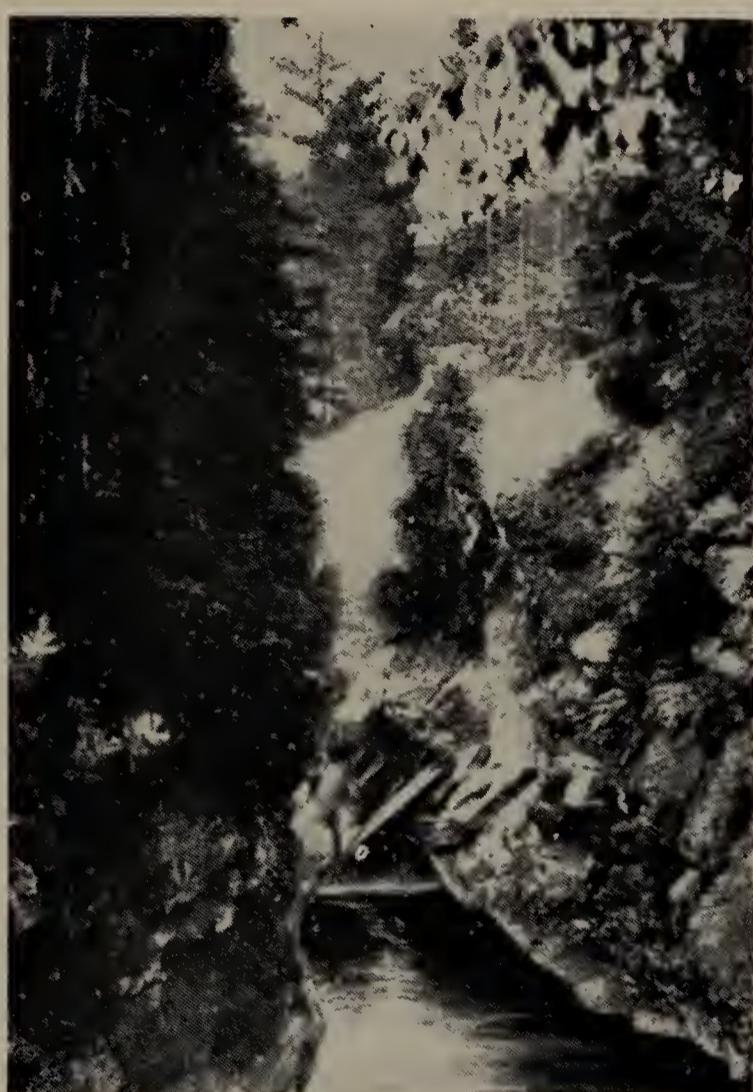
low him, one of the wildest and most romantic scenes in nature. To the west is seen, amid the giant boulders the rushing waters flowing on as though in haste to reach the base of "Lover's Leap;" then, turning abruptly at right angles down the stream, they speed their way directly to the north, and often hide their foamy caps beneath the gigantic boulders that are thrown together in stupendous heaps, and, in low water, bridge the deep-worn channel.



*View of Cavendish Gorge*

A few steps further east and "Prospect Point" is reached. Here not only shown the picturesque surroundings seen from Lover's Leap, but the modus operandi by which the gorge was made is also here suggested. A deep and long extended crack is visible at this point, and if we conjectured right, through this the water first escaped from out the chain of lakes before alluded to.

"Eureka Cave" is an interesting point. From Prospect Point, passing down some fifty rods in a rustic footpath, one will find himself near the entrance to the cave, in the "Rotunda." This as its name implies, is a circular enclosure surrounded by a smoothly worn and water-washed ledge, the top and sides of which are arranged in that drapery which nature uses to decorate her wildest and most secluded haunts. Just around a jutting point of the rock is the entrance to the cave.



*View of Cavendish Gorge*

Less than half a dozen rods from the cave, upon the verge of the stream, the pre-Adamic waters scooped out a pot-hole that is now elevated about twenty feet above the river bed, of a size to admit a dozen persons. Leaning over the western edge of this rock-basin, one of the most beautiful of views is opened to the spectator. As far up and down the stream as the eye can reach are seen gigantic boulders piled together in great profusion, with high and overhanging rocks on either side, in which are deep indented niches and fantastic carvings made by water, which bring to the mind of the beholder the descriptions he has

read of ruined amphitheaters and the old city of Petra, cut by man out of the solid rock.

The first actual settlement in Cavendish was made in June, 1769, when Captain John Coffeen located and built a dwelling in the northern part of town. His hospitable residence during the Revolution afforded thousands of American soldiers shelter and refreshment while passing from Charlestown, N.H., to the military posts on Lake Champlain. Captain Coffeen gained his title during the Revolutionary War, being connected with the militia. The rank of Captain was given to him in 1775 by the New York Provincial Congress.

It is not known when the town was organized, as the first book of records, tradition has it, was lost. The exact date of Captain Coffeen's settlement is disputed by some as being in 1770 although the early date is now generally accepted.

The first settlers of Cavendish were mostly from Massachusetts, and in 1771 Noadiah Russell and Thomas joined Captain Coffeen, sharing with him the hardship of frontier life.

Beginning as early as 1782 the usual distracting efforts to fix the center of town as a site for a church were made, which continued until 1800. Numerous lots were offered, but no satisfactory committee could be secured. It wasn't until 1801 that a committee was agreed on.

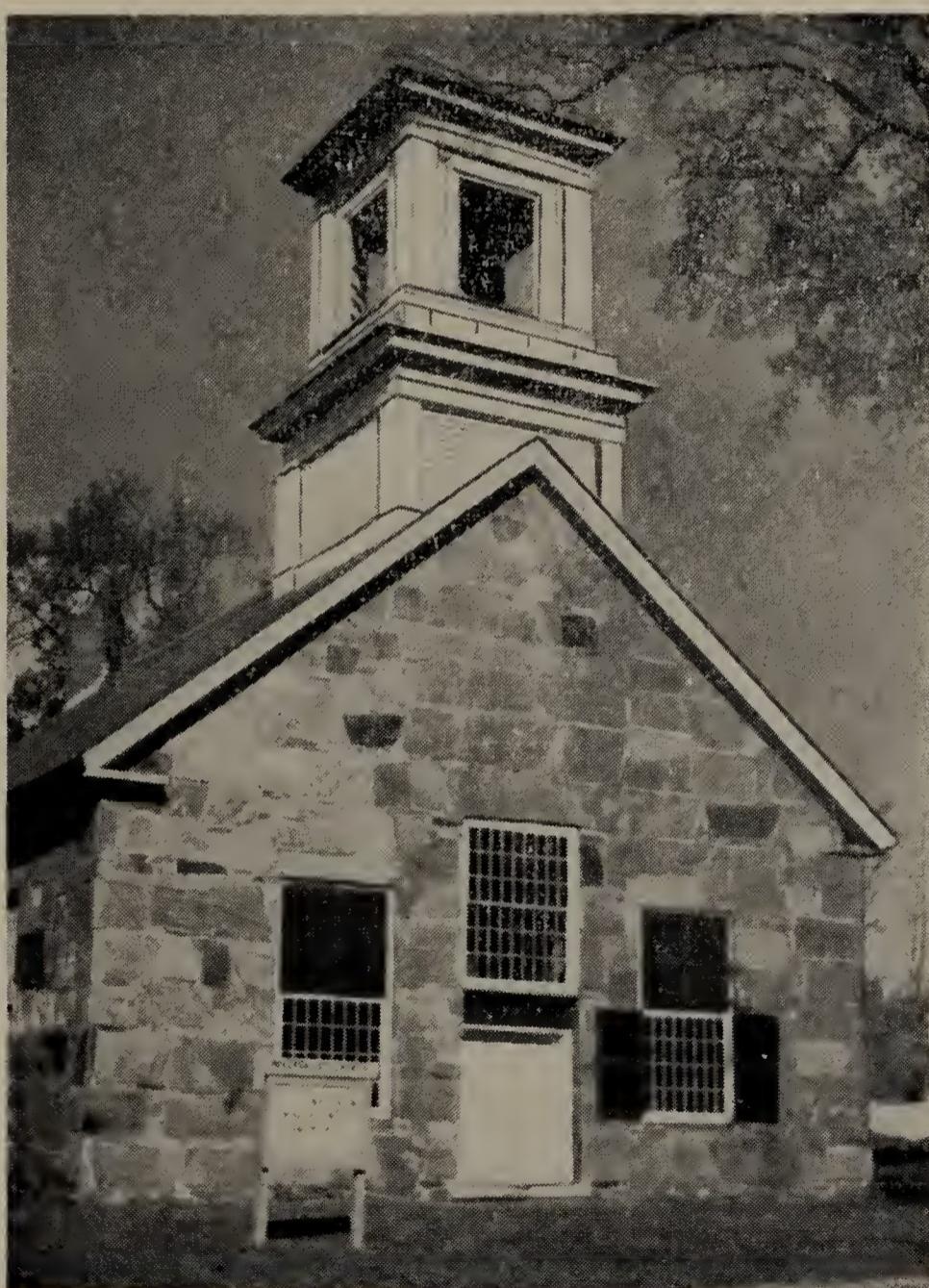
In the latter part of 1792 this town hired Abel Wood to preach six months; he was to receive 20 shillings a day. The momentous question of the church site having been settled, it was voted to build a house and to complete it by June 20, 1802. It was voted to purchase the chosen site of Jedediah Tuttle, the price to be \$30 an acre. Also voted was the right of each person or denomination to have a right to occupy the house for religious worship in proportion to their standing on each grand list. A tax of four cents on a dollar was voted to build the church.

There have been several religious societies in the town from time to time. There were a number of Methodists among the early settlers, also Baptists. Rev. Aaron Leland of Chester, afterwards to be Lieutenant Gov. of Vermont, certified 19 taxpayers as Baptists, in 1799.

Many of the residences built in the infancy of the town are

still standing, venerable old structures that the hand of time has dealt lightly with in order that may remain to remind us of the vicissitudes and self-sacrifices endured by our fathers.

The dwelling of Mrs. Sarah Dutton, at Cavendish village, was built by Salmon Dutton in 1782. Five generations have lifted its old-fashioned latches. The building was used for many years as a hotel, the first in town. Upon the farm of Joseph S. Atherton is a house that was built about one hundred years ago. This building was also a hotel. Upon J. H. Adams's farm there is a house that was built by Noadiah Russell, supposed to be the second frame house built in the town. The present residence of George W. White was built by his grandfather, Samuel White, over ninety years ago. Just beyond the Dutton House—the oldest house in the village (1782)—stands the Cavendish Inn; it



*Universalist Church, Cavendish, Vermont*

was built in 1839 and was used for a store. It is the oldest stone house in Cavendish village, and once was called Hotel Elliott. The stone Universalist Church was built in 1824. Perkins' store was an Academy in 1792. Students from all over New England, New York, and Pennsylvania came to school here. There were ten or twelve teachers. Inasmuch as no records of the Academy are available its complete history cannot be written. Later when the school was given up the second floor was used first as a Masonic Hall, and later by the Cavendish Grange. The first floor was used for some time by E. G. White, for a grain business. The building was bought in 1900 by Malony and Perkins as a general store.

Several destructive fires have visited Cavendish village, greatly retarding its business interests. The first was the burning of the "stone factory," as it was called, November 12, 1873. This factory was built in 1832, by a company under the firm name of the Black River Canal and Manufacturing Company. The factory went into operation in 1835, making a fine quality of broadcloth, under the management of Henry N. Fullerton. In time it passed into the hands of Nathaniel Fullerton, of Chester. In 1854, it was leased by a company under the firm name of Fullerton & Co.; they manufactured cassimeres until about the close of the rebellion. In 1869 the property passed into the hands of F. W. Whipple, of Providence, R.I., and was occupied by James Whipple up to the time it was destroyed. Alonzo Haskell's mills, together with the Baptist church, were destroyed April 27, 1875. Robert Fitton's factory was burned September 6, 1875, his storehouse was destroyed Feb. 28, 1877, and his boarding house June 24, 1878. Carlton H. Gowran's tannery burned January 16, 1880, and Thomas Gordon's hotel and Mrs. Caroline Chase's dwelling were destroyed by fire March 14, 1882.

The first action taken by the town in reference to the late Civil War was at a town meeting held April 30, 1861, Governor Ryland Fletcher presiding. It was then voted to raise \$2,000 to liquidate all obligations incurred by Captain Tuttle in raising the Cavendish Light Infantry, and to pay the board of the men and furnish support to their families. From a compilation made by Hon. Calvin French we give the following figures:

Cavendish furnished to the armies of the Union, twenty men in response to the first call for troops, three months' service. In the Second, Eleventh, Fourth, Seventh and Fifth Vermont Regiments, forty-two men for three years' service. These volunteers received no bounties. Forty-two men were furnished under the nine months' call. For subsequent calls fifty-three men were furnished for three years, and thirty for one year, making a grand total of one hundred eighty seven volunteers furnished by the town.

For the first time in history, the War Department has released for publication, a complete list of the Congressional Medal of Honor Men and following are the two which would be of the most interest to Cavendish people.

"Sperry, W. J. at Petersburg, Va. April 2, 1865 R. Vermont P. Cavendish, Vt. Major 6th Vt. Inf. With assistance of a few men captured two pieces of artillery and turned them upon the enemy."

"Wheeler, D.D. at Salem Heights, Va. May 3, 1863 R.N.R.B. —Cavendish, Vt., 1st Lieut. Co. G. 4th Vt. Inf. Distinguished bravery in action when he was wounded and had a horse shot under him."

Now for a brief historic sketch with interesting facts: Cavendish is a fine little post village. It was formerly known as Duttonsville, in honor of the family of Salmon Dutton, one of the five men appointed by Town Meeting, March 13, 1788, "to chuse a committee to ascertain the boundary of Cavendish."

Six years earlier Mr. Dutton had built the first house in Cavendish (Cave-in-dish) Village, or Duttonsville. In 1784 he had laid out the road to Ludlow which, in 1798, became part of the Green Mountain Turnpike, a toll road extending from Rutland to Bellows Falls through Cavendish Village and over Dutton Hill. The Proctorsville gulf road (now Route 103) was built originally as a "shun pike," to get around paying tolls on the Turnpike.

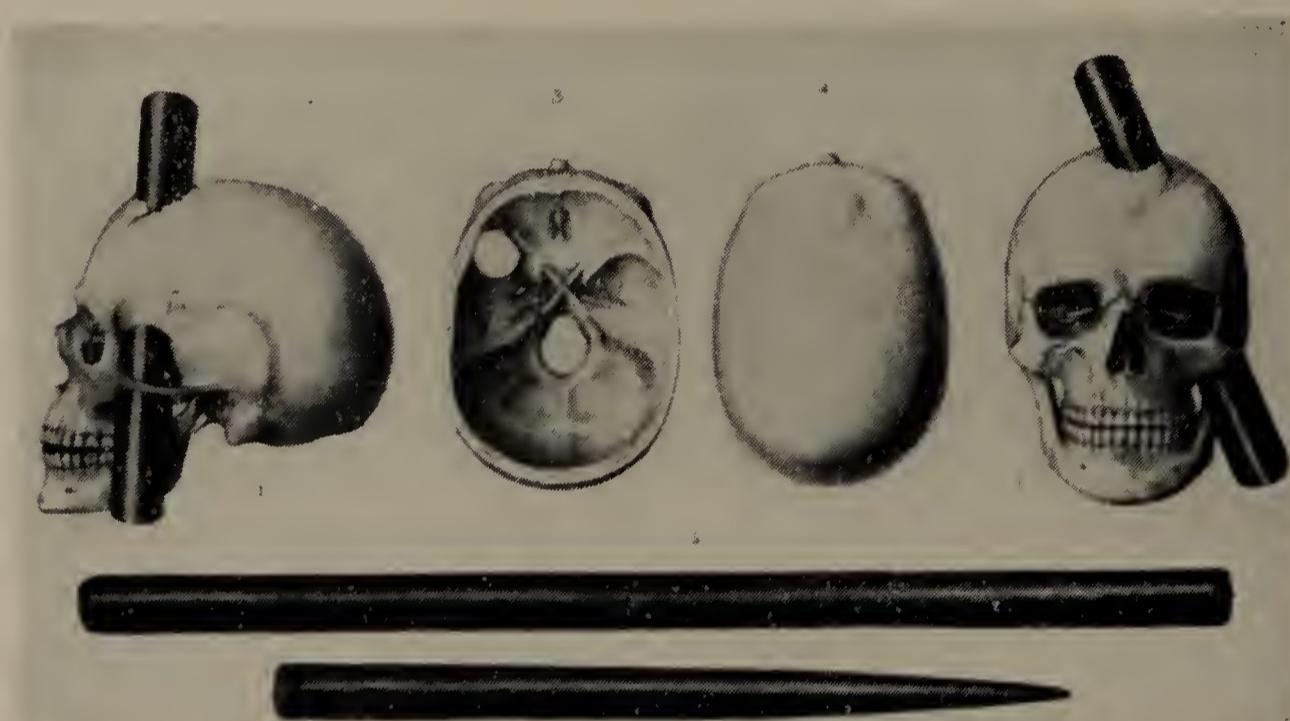
At the time the Rutland Railroad came through, in 1849, the village was formally given the name of Cavendish, in place of Duttonsville. A certain rivalry — ALMOST AN ASPERITY — had existed between the village of Proctorsville and Duttonsville. Jabez Proctor and Salmon Dutton were both "Squires,"

and the balance of the designation "leading citizen" was delicate.

Happily, love stepped into the situation, through the courting by Squire Proctor's son Redfield, of Squire Dutton's daughter Emily. This not only soothed the frictions but established a line which has distinguished Vermont History with three Governors of the State, one United States Senator, one Secretary of War and one Lieutenant-Governor.

Interest of both families in the two villages has taken many valued forms, among them handsome Soldiers' monuments to veterans of the Civil War and World War I.

The railroad was completed somewhere about 1850. Times were lively during its construction. The laborers were Irishmen, and there were two factions. They murdered a man in a shanty near where the saw mill now is, opposite the Plumley & Sargent place on the Ludlow road, and in Proctorsville they tried to kill a man by the name of Fay, who was a sub-contractor on the railroad and lived in the old house that stood where Will Adams' house is in Proctorsville. The bullet holes were visible as long as the house remained.



*Phineas Gage's Skull*

One of the best tales relating to the railroad was when a workman called Phineas P. Gage, accidentally tapped a stick of dynamite with a crow bar., which was blown completely through his head, entering under one cheek and coming out almost

squarely at the top of his skull. He did not lose consciousness, and was not knocked down, but walked three miles to a farm house and up several flights of stairs without aid. The village doctor thought nothing could be done, but he began to gain—actually recovered, lived for years after, willing his head to Dr. Harlow, by whom it was presented, with the bar, to Harvard University.

Gay Brothers Co. was first an old mill built in 1832 but the place burned in 1873 and was stripped of the machinery. From 1873 it continued to go from bad to worse until 1886 when



*Kenwood Mills (Gay Brothers), Cavendish, Vermont*

Stearns Gay, father of the present owners took over. With limited capital, and a decrepit plant he started the work which made possible the fine up-to-date plant which it is today, a credit and a great financial aid to the town of Cavendish. About 1890 Charles & James Gay came into the firm. In 1897 Gay Bros. Co. was incorporated. In the various years following the mill has been improved until it has grown into a fine woolen business. This business was recently sold to the Kenwood Mills who are continuing the manufacture of woolen goods in Cavendish.

The First Baptist Church was organized by Rev. Aaron Le-

land, in 1803, with forty-six members, and they worshipped in the Union church located in the center of town. In 1834, the society built a brick church where the town hall now stands. The society was presented by Benj. F. White, of Boston in November, 1850 with a church bell. The brick church was destroyed by fire in 1875 and in 1878 the present wooden building was erected having a seating capacity of 250. In 1870, by the will of the late Hon. Richard Fletcher, of Boston, a native of Cavendish, the church came into possession of a valuable parsonage, a pastor's library of 200 volumes, and a fund of \$4,000.

The First Universalist Society started as early as the beginning of Cavendish, for the first to preach this doctrine was Michael, a son of Captain John Coffeen. From 1803 to 1809 Father Ballou, of Barnard, preached in the town. About this time a society was formed, and the general conferences of 1812 and 1828 met at Cavendish. The society included the towns of Plymouth, Cavendish, Ludlow, and Reading; meetings were held once a month until 1827. The church was built in 1824. The original interior, with the same pulpit and pews, has been preserved. Originally tallow candles were used to light the church. Now the candelabrum is wired for electricity. The Rev. William Skinner preached his first sermon in Cavendish on Christmas Day, 1825. At this time he was a resident of Langdon, N.H. but moved to Proctorsville in May 1828.

In 1880 Cavendish had a population of 1,276, and contained eleven common schools. The town has been prominent in manufacture since its early days. A saw and gristmill was erected in 1790 at what is known as Whitesville (a hamlet about a mile north of Cavendish village) the mill was owned by Samuel White, for whom it was named. In 1824, there were in town eight sawmills, three gristmills, four fulling mills, three carding machines, two woolen factories, one nail factory, three tanneries, one tin ware and stove factory, and one hat factory. Among other industries which have flourished from time to time were: wooden ware, up to 1869; lead pipe and pumps, 1839; edged tools, starch 1840; saddlery and harness, 1820 to 1850; rakes and tool handles, 1849.

There were three highway surveyors elected at town meeting in 1782. A road to Ludlow was laid out in 1784 by Salmon Dut-

ton, who afterwards was prominently connected with highway developments in the town.

Early highway development in the town was promoted by the Green Mountain and The Weathersfield Turnpike Companies. The Green Mountain project was launched in 1797, and another secured in 1799, Salmon Dutton being one of the promoters. The road built is followed generally by present State Route 103 but passed through Cavendish until 1817, when it was relocated through Proctorsville. The Weathersfield Turnpike ran from Cavendish to the Connecticut River at Ascutneyville, (now Route 131) and was chartered in 1804.

Town was chartered Oct. 12, 1761

First actual settlement June 1769

First warrant for town meeting Feb. 28, 1782

First marriage April 14, 1778

First death 1785

First birth July 9, 1781

First church 1802

(The records are located in the office of the town clerk, Miss Marion C. White, who lives in the center of Cavendish. The records are available at all reasonable hours and the town clerk is willing to have them inspected and will explain the method and purpose of keeping them.)

## CHAPTER FOUR

## Proctorsville

1782

**I**N 1782, Leonard Proctor of Westford, Mass., who took a prominent part in the Revolutionary War and was made a captain, came to Cavendish, where he founded in an unbroken forest the village of Proctorsville, building a log cabin. Going back to Massachusetts he returned in March, 1783, with his family on an ox sled. Arriving at the cabin he found the door had blown open filling the place full of snow. Due to the efforts of his wife he was persuaded to stay. He built the Jenny House famous for its beautiful carvings. The back part was a glove factory, while the front was a dwelling house.

The incorporated village of Proctorsville is located in the southwestern part of the town of Cavendish at the junction of State Routes 103 and 131. The village is built on the banks of the Black River at a point where water power was available and brought about a considerable industrial development in the community.

A petition to have the boundaries of the village determined by the selectmen of the town was filed on February 18, 1907. The boundaries were recorded on February 20, 1907. These boundaries were the same as those of Fire District No. 1 of Cavendish, established in 1883.

The first store was just east of where the Methodist church now stands. It was owned by John and Jabez Proctor; he sold his interest to John and built the brick tavern, now the Fraternal building. Abel Gilson built the brick store that stood on the corner where Pollard's block now is.

One mile northwest from Proctorsville on land now owned by Hon. Allen M. Fletcher a quarry of serpentine (a green variegated marble) was formerly worked by a company of which one Isaac Hill was manager. The product was sawn and finished in a mill on the opposite side of the river, two stories, 100 feet by 40, with 10 or 12 gangs of saws and other machinery. This stone takes a high polish and finishes up fine. Specimens



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Aerial View of Proctorsville, 1952



are still in existence in some of the older homes as fireplace jambs and mantels. The business was given up about 1845. Since then the water power has been used for saw mill, grist mill, chair shop, soapstone mill, and shoddy mills, but is now abandoned.

In 1806 Zaccheus Blood carried on harness making in a building standing where George H. Parker's house now is; he also operated a tannery where Henry Perry lives and made potash on the old schoolhouse lot.

Luke Parkhurst had a wool-carding and cloth finishing establishment in rear of the factory. Josiah Gilson had a tannery employing several hands.

Kendall Taylor ran a shoe shop, about four hands, on Water street. Reuben Clark had a jeweler's shop on the canal bridge where Wilder's grocery is. Amasa Parker had a gun shop and made rifles where M. A. Cook now lives. Sam Seaver made lead pipe and pumps. Guilford Seaver had a carriage and paint shop and Ira Morse, a blacksmith shop, across the canal opposite Alick Stearns'. Abel Burbank had a harness and saddler's shop from 1820 to 1850 where Hager's blacksmith shop now is; in fact it's the same building.

E. F. Parker ran a general store and had a tin-shop, sending out lots of tin peddlers; later on he made lanterns, employing forty or more hands. His place was just west of and next to the tavern barns, which stood on the now vacant place west of the Fraternal building.

John Cary made edge tools in a shop that stood in the rear of his house, now the Barrett place; afterwards he moved his business to Whitesville.

The first tavern in Proctorsville stood in front of the Barrett house. This was at one time kept by Samuel Burbank, an uncle of Alvin Burbank. There is a well now in the street where the old house stood.

The brick tavern at Proctorsville was for many years kept by Major Hyde. He was a model landlord and his place was celebrated for its good entertainment. It was a stage house and the coaches stopped for dinner there. As many as 50 guests were frequently put up over night and perhaps 100 horses. The busi-

ness came from all along the line as far north as Middlebury, as this was the Green Mountain turnpike through to Bellows Falls. This turnpike was the present direct road from Rutland through Clarendon, Cuttingsville, straight over the hill to Mount Holly meeting house, thence to Healdville and Ludlow, Proctorsville, Duttonsville, up past the present depot over the hill to Chester. This was the stage route, the road through the Proctorsville gulf was made later, as a kind of shunpike and was largely traveled.



*Proctorsville, Vermont around 1865*

The stage line was owned by Bardwell and Huntington. The coaches were the oval Concord thoroughbrace style, the best to be had in this country, and the horses were equally good.

In 1839 the National Hydraulic Co. erected a foundry and machine shop for making fire engines and rotary pumps. Fire destroyed a part of the works and the business was abandoned. The building was used by the factory company as a storehouse. Later it became the carriage house at the mill. The belfry on it is the original one built in 1839.

The woolen mill was first built in Proctorsville in 1834-35 by a company formed for that purpose. This mill was destroyed by fire in 1844 and was rebuilt in that and the following year. It was operated by Gilson, Smith & Co. until 1849, when they

were succeeded by Smith & Balcom who carried on the business until 1856. After this the mill was operated for a few years by William Smith, who began the erection of the stone part of the structure and the office. He failed and it was then taken over by George L. Balcom and Co., who completed the additions to the mill which had already been started. It is of interest to learn that payday came every three months and that all banking at that time was done at Chester; trips to and from being made on horseback.

In 1864 a corporation was formed under the title of Proctorsville Mills. Balcom of this company failed during the panic of 1873-4 and as a consequence the mill was not used for three years. The company owned the property until 1877, when it was sold to William E. Hayward and L. H. Taft of Uxbridge, and H. H. Burbank of Proctorsville. They purchased the chair factory located about one mile from the village on the road to Ludlow, in 1880. Both mills were under the management of A. H. Burbank who had charge for 20 years.



*Proctor Reels (Murdock's Mill), Proctorsville, Vermont*

During this period Herbert Murdock came to Proctorsville from Massachusetts to learn the business and he later became one of the firm, which was known as Taft, Burbank & Murdock. Under this management the new addition to the mill was completed, thus making it the second largest mill in the state at

that time. Eventually Mr. Murdock became sole owner and continued as such until his death in 1916. The mill changed hands many times since and although the building stands it is no longer a woolen mill being presently operated by Proctor Reels, manufacturers of wood products.

The National Black River Bank, one of the first in this part of the state, was established as a state bank in 1845. In 1865 it was reorganized under the national system and remained as such until the bank holiday and since that time has been conducted as a branch of the Windsor County National Bank. In 1909 a savings department was added and the bank at present is transacting business as a National Bank with a Savings Department and safe deposit boxes.

During its long career the bank was broken into once but thieves only succeeded in destroying the outside of the vault. They never reached the inner safe where the valuables are kept.

The Proctor-Piper State Forest was established in 1914, gift of 424 acres from ex-Governor Redfield Proctor. A recent gift from Gay Brothers increased the size to 1500 acres.

The Proctorsville Library Association was organized in 1858. The first funds were raised by an entertainment given by a dramatic society of the village, to which sum ex-Governor Redfield Proctor added a like amount. Its library is now located in Proctorsville.

The Proctorsville Marble Co. furnished marble for the floors of the National Gallery of Art building which was erected in Washington, D.C. The architects, after inspecting specimens of various colors and grades of marble, decided on the Proctorsville product, which is green Verde Antique Marble with beautiful veinings and markings of light-green shades.

The First Episcopal Church was organized through the persistent efforts of Aunt Sally Parker, an aunt of ex-Governor Redfield Proctor. Miss Parker gave a small building and helped to furnish it so that a handful of members might worship. As the membership grew Gethsemane Chapel was built.

St. James Methodist Church was organized at an early date as many of the early settlers were Methodist. The church was built in 1840 and in 1882-83 a new edifice was built.

Holy Name of Mary Catholic Church is believed to have

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been erected around the year 1860 with Father Charles O. Reilly in charge. In 1894 the church was closed and services were held in Ludlow. In 1899 Mass was held in a home in Proctorsville. However, the large congregation made it necessary to use the Engine Hall. The original church was renovated and re-opened in 1905, and Father Dwyer served as pastor until 1913. On September 11, 1946, Rev. Buckley was appointed as pastor. The first Midnight Mass was celebrated on Christmas of 1946. The first High Mass was celebrated the following Easter in 1947. The present membership is approximately 130 individuals.

On the grounds of the lodge home of the Odd Fellows, Rebekahs and Masons stands the beautiful marble monument given by ex-Governor Redfield Proctor in honor of the boys who served in the World War. The building was formerly The Eagle Hotel.

Most of the records of the incorporated village of Proctorsville are kept comparatively free of fire hazards, being located at the bank. Other records may be located at the various homes of village officers and may be inspected at reasonable hours by appointment.

Cornelia Otis Skinner in her book, "Family Circle" writes: My father's boyhood days (Otis Skinner) were spent largely in the observance of stern routine. His happiest interludes were the summer months when the family went to Vermont to stay with Grandfather. Grandfather Skinner was laid to rest beside his wife and amid his forebears in the little mountain cemetery in Proctorsville.

## CHAPTER FIVE

## Early Cavendish

1811

ONE who seeks a brief escape from the turmoil of the world of today would do well to follow a zigzag trail up the steep side of a ravine in Cavendish, until he comes to the last resting place of the old settlers. This secluded spot is entirely theirs. No newcomer has come among them for more than one hundred years and nothing will be found that does not belong to the past; the rude stone walls, the rough headstones, the uneven turf, the pious epitaphs, the old Yankee names—all are of bygone generations.

Having so recently left a rollicking brook in the valley below, the visitor is pleased and soothed by the peace and quiet that reigns about him on all sides. Perhaps the early settlers also felt the charm of the little clearing in the forest that was to be their eternal home. One of the headstones gives a hint of this, the inscription reading:

Lucy, wife of Enos Baldwin, died in the City of Albany, N.Y., Oct. 28, 1807, in the 27th year of her age, and was removed to this place soon after. (Lucy was the daughter of Aaron and Lydia Spaulding Parker)

When one thinks of the long, rough road through the forest, the slow jolting ride on cart or sled, the nights of waiting along the way, it seems that some strong feeling must have been at work. It could not have been a desire to bury Lucy beside those who were near to her by blood, for none is to be found in the cemetery to this day.

Near at hand by the eastern wall is another grave of much interest, if not of mystery. It stands alone, the only gravestone facing eastward. The inscription reads:

Henry Proctor, died June 19, 1778, age 51. Thus indicating that it marks the first burial in Cavendish, earlier by eight years than any death of record.

Who was this lone man of mature years, and what brought him into the wilderness when only three families were living in town? A little research has thrown some light on this subject, taking us away from the seclusion of the little cemetery, away from Vermont, then back again, to one of the oldest, best known farms in town.

Henry Proctor was not closely related to others of that name who were to live in Cavendish. He was the son of Gershom Proctor who, in his day, had been a well-to-do citizen of Chelmsford, Mass. Gershom had owned slaves as well as land and other property. He had also been one of the proprietors of a land bank which issued currency on the basis of land and bonds, until suppressed by an Act of Parliament as unsound in principle and inflationary.

In January of 1778, after the death of his parents, Henry Proctor sold home and land in Chelmsford for a large sum sufficient to insure a good living in such a well settled community. But Henry chose to forego the comforts of his home at the age of fifty years and to subject himself and family to the hardships of pioneer life in an undeveloped section of Vermont, then known as the New Hampshire Grants. He bought 1076 acres of wild land from the original grantee at the price of 600 pounds. Well chosen, the tract included within its bounds two of the best farms of Cavendish, long known respectively as the Wheeler and the Densmore farms. (Land Records of Middlesex County, Mass. and of Cavendish, Vt.)

In coming to Vermont, Henry Proctor made a fateful decision and must have been moved by compelling motives, probably a strong desire to get away from a scene of religious strife and perhaps, also, an unwillingness to pay rates for the support of a church he did not care to attend. It is significant that a number of his associates followed him to Cayendish, among them Dr. Asaph Fletcher, who became the first physician in town and a leading citizen of the new state of Vermont. (History of Chelmsford, Mass.)

Dying in June of 1778, Henry Proctor did not live long in Cavendish but it is supposed that he spent much of the winter

here. It is strange that no record can be found of the administration of his large estate, either in Massachusetts or Vermont. Members of Henry Proctor's family lingered in Cavendish for a number of years after his death. His daughter, Rebecca, sold two thirds of the land to Levi Stevens of Townsend, Mass., who then sold tracts of it from time to time until finally it passed into the hands of four local men who soon sold it to the Reverend Joseph Brown of Alfred, Maine—little suspecting the comedy that was in the making.

Shortly before the day set for making payment and taking over the newly purchased farm, Reverend Brown started out on horseback from his home in Maine. In his saddle bags was the purchase price, so much in bullion, so much in bank notes—\$800.00 in all.

We may suppose that the good man began his journey in a hopeful mood. Behind him was a scene of trouble and sorrow. He had been minister in Alfred four years and had seen fit to give up his church three years previously. Finally during the current year, 1811, his wife Rebecca had died.

In Vermont, then a new state in its boom period, the Reverend Brown had good reason to anticipate a much happier experience. There were no threats of quarrels over religion in Cavendish and he would be welcomed in that town by three sisters, all wives of leading citizens, and by other Congregationalists whose pastor he was to be for many years. Yes, he was assured of a welcome in Cavendish and of a good home there, but what about a mistress for it, a mother for his two children, an aid to him in his pastoral duties and in many other ways? Surely there were attractive girls in that growing town who would consider it an honor to be the wife of a minister of the gospel, a man of some education and of good family. While we cannot be sure that such thoughts were with the traveler on his journey, we do know, as will later appear, that they came to him.

Arriving in Cavendish after several days on the road, the Reverend Joseph Brown reached the farm at the specified time and found the people of the neighborhood on hand to witness

the change in ownership by "turf and twig," this being in accord with an ancient custom that prevailed when the written word was not trusted or generally understood.

After greeting his new neighbors, many of whom were to be members of his church, Reverend Brown took the saddle bags from his horse and brought them into the east room of the farm house where he began to count the money. He counted and recounted the gold, silver and bank notes but one note was constantly missing. No end of searching and checking brought the missing note to light. His Reverence was perplexed and greatly upset. He was certain that the full amount of money had been placed in the bags and the disappearance of any part of it was a very great mystery indeed. It was also most embarrassing to be in this position at his first meeting with the people of Cavendish, but nothing could be done. The frustrated man was compelled to return to Maine without paying for the farm in full.

The loss of the money was disturbing to the people because many considered it to be a reflection on their honesty. It became so distressing to one William Bond that he journeyed to Plymouth to consult a conjurer of that town.

Unable to return with Bond in person, the conjurer was willing to tell him what to do to solve the mystery, namely: cause the people to re-assemble and to bring to them the great bible\* and key of the Meeting House. Bond was shown how to suspend the bible from the key by means of a cord and was taught a jargon which each man was to repeat while he in his turn held the bible by means of the cord and key, well up in the air in the sight of everybody. The innocent would have no trouble in holding the bible in this manner, said the conjurer, but the guilty would let it fall.

Certain that he had the means of detecting the guilty party, Bond rushed home and called a meeting of the people of the neighborhood, convincing them that they should submit to the test.

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\* In original story the word "bible" is not capitalized.

The beginning was without event. Several men met the test in triumph but when James Bates, the local blacksmith, seized the key and began to repeat the magical words, the bible fell violently to the floor to the astonishment of many. Mr. Bates was a man of good repute, one of the joint owners of the farm being sold. His wife and daughter wept copiously and he appeared to be greatly disturbed himself.

After the confusion had subsided a little, it was proposed that the test be continued and the bible was held by others without mishap until Mr. James Smith, an outstanding citizen, dropped the bible to the amazement of the people; later, Mr. Proctor, another leading citizen and joint owner of the farm, similarly failed in the test!

At this stage Bond, a small, nervous man, became greatly excited. He had expected that some lowly fellow would be exposed by the test and frightened into admitting his guilt. The exposure instead of three joint owners of the farm, all men of substance and influence, was more than disconcerting—it was alarming. What would the people think of the test and what would these strong, shrewd men do? While hot and bothered by the course of events, Bond met with another surprise that was most disturbing. Some inconsiderate person suggested that he, the instigator of the test, should submit to it in his turn. This was not according to plan. Considering all the trouble he had taken it seemed ungrateful, but the people insisted and he could not refuse.

Seizing the key Bond raised the bible from its resting place, well in sight of everybody, trembling with excitement. He began to mumble the prescribed jargon and then disaster overtook him. The good book broke loose and fell to the floor with a crash, to his intense distress and that of his family.

The frantic man proclaimed his innocence to the high heavens but the people were not impressed. They could not believe that the three leading citizens would stoop to petty theft but it was conceivable that Bond, who was favored neither with much of this world's goods nor sound judgment, might have yielded to temptation. Why had he taken on himself the task of detect-

ing the thief unless he aimed to hide his own guilt by throwing suspicion on others?

The meeting broke up in confusion and poor Bond departed for his hillside farm, bewildered, discouraged, shamefaced. Conscious of his own innocence and good intentions, he felt that he had been badly used by his neighbors whose good names he had tried so hard to preserve. Whether his faith in conjury waned at this time we have no means of learning, but it must have occurred to him that the conjurer who had been "unable" to attend the meeting in person was a man of discretion, much too sagacious to challenge the intelligence of the early settlers of Cavendish. They were by no means an ignorant, superstitious lot, as the future was to demonstrate. In the little group that stood for the test were several keen, understanding men whose sons inherited qualities that brought them great wealth, professional reputation, a seat in the Governor's chair, in the U.S. Senate and in the Cabinet of a President. Could the magic of the conjurer have told him as much? (Redfield Proctor, Riland Fletcher, Richard Fletcher, James H. Bates)

But no man was to suffer loss or incur disgrace because of the missing money. Shortly after the day of the test a letter came from Maine. It told how the Reverend Joseph Brown had taken another look into his saddle bags after returning to his home and there, to his great astonishment, was the bank note that he had overlooked in Cavendish, to the grief and confusion of many!

And then it came out that Bond had been the victim of a plot. The three men who had dropped the bible, sceptics one and all, had done so intentionally in order to make a farce of the test and to have a little fun at the expense of the superstitious little busybody in their midst.

The purchase of the farm was duly consummated and "Priest Brown" as he came to be known, made it his home for sixteen years. He died in 1840 and the Congregational Society of Cavendish also came to an end at about that time. It is not known that he ever threw any light on his strange failure to see the ten pound note, but the mystery was explained by curious people somewhat as follows:

As intimated previously, this middle-aged widower had a variety of hopes and interests in Cavendish. When he arrived in town with business in mind and met the people who had assembled at the farm, his quick eye caught the pretty face of Lucy, the daughter of Benjamin Proctor. It was a case of love at first sight. Matters of business lost much of their importance at once as did the sorrows of a widower. This was in April of 1811; in November of that year, say the Cavendish records, the Reverend Joseph Brown and Lucy Proctor were joined in matrimony. Is it strange that the fast-working pastor was unable to see a mere bank note while his heart was pounding like mad and his eyes were dazzled by the first sight of his future bride.

# Soldier's Monument Dedication

1883

PROMPTLY at twelve o'clock, a train consisting of fifteen cars drawn by two powerful engines, left Rutland depot bound for Cavendish. The cars were filled with members of organizations who had participated in the exercises in Rutland, and a large number of excursionists. At every station were numerous persons who joined the party, and at Ludlow two extra cars were attached to the train. The band rendered several selections and the Kingsley Guard made the passage lively by songs.

Arriving at Cavendish, the procession was formed as follows, under the direction of W. J. Sperry, chief marshal:

Weston Cornet Band; veterans from surrounding towns, C. C. Johnson, Captain; Springfield Cornet Band; veterans; Chester Cornet Band; Henry Post G.A.R. Chester, J. C. Jones, Commander; Howard Post G.A.R. Ludlow, R. E. Hathorn, Commander; Hatch's Military Band of Rutland; Kingsley Guard, Captain C. C. Kinsman commanding; Roberts Post No. 14, G.A.R. of Rutland, A. T. Woodward, Commander; Sons of Veterans of Rutland, H. C. Green, commanding.

The procession moved from the depot with the firing of cannon and music from bands and made a fine appearance. The line of march was from the depot to the Main Street, down the Main Street to General Geo. F. Davis' house, where they took under their escort Colonel Holbrook, the orator of the day; thence countermarched and returned to the town hall where the monument stood and where the first part of the program was carried out. The monument is a beautiful shaft, a full description of which has been published in this report. It stands in a square directly in front of the Town Hall, and was draped with the Stars and Stripes. A hollow square was formed about it by the different organizations, and the services of the day commenced by the unveiling of the monument and throwing to the breeze the American colors, simultaneously with the firing

of cannon and the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Hatch's Military Band. The following letter of presentation from Governor Proctor was read by A. S. Burbank of Proctorsville:

"To the Selectmen of Cavendish

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith a deed of the lot on which the monument stands.

I have often wished that memorials, however simple in character, might be so frequent in the land that no one in years to come could fail to see them and learn their meaning; learn that we once had a War of Secession and Rebellion; learn what it was for and what it cost; who was right and who was wrong; who won the fight and what was decided by it.

In the struggle Cavendish was a good representative of all Vermont towns. The muster roll of her soldiers bears the names of the families who have been identified with the history of the town from its early settlement. Her soldiers were citizens and the sons of citizens. Our sons must learn that to be citizens of a republic carries with it the duty to be soldiers in time of need. It is of vital consequence to the future welfare of the nation to keep alive the patriotic memories of those four great years. If these memorials do this, they benefit us all. They will teach the very school boy a better lesson than his books.

Besides its general and better purpose, this conveyance is a slight acknowledgement of the many obligations upon me and mine in this town. My ancestors, and also my wife's, came to it—then a wilderness—one hundred years ago. In it our fathers lived and were respected and honored. In it we lived more than half our lives. In your churchyard all our kin, who have gone before, are laid. The names of your villages attest the close relations of the past. The old homesteads still stand on your books as they have for a century, in the family names, and no act of mine shall change the record. All these things make strong ties, which, I trust, may never be weakened.

I ask you to accept the lot and the monument for the people of the town.

Very Respectfully,  
Redfield Proctor"



*Soldier's Monument, Cavendish, Vermont*

The gift was accepted and response made on behalf of the town by Hon. F. Deane as follows:

"Mr. President: I have been selected as the humble organ of the town to acknowledge and accept this gift—thrice welcomed because it comes from one of our citizens. It bears upon it the names of those who took their lives in their hands and went forth to crush the Rebellion, and that we might live. The gift is important, because it brings back recollections of that time, and what would have been the end of that war had not those soldiers gone forth. Again it is important, because it calls to mind the going out of the old Whig Party and the incoming of the Republican Party. It is important, because it shows first in the history of our country a President elected by the voice of the people who had to steal his way disguised to Washington from Harrisburg. Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated without bloodshed and all remained quiet until the state of South Carolina fired upon Sumter. This startled the North from its security, and from the North came the thunder tones that Rebellion must be put down.

There was a company in Cavendish which at once responded to the call and helped make up the 75,000 men called for by President Lincoln. All the calls for men, as stated in Governor Proctor's letter, were responded to by Cavendish men.

We accept this monument as a token of gratitude which Governor Proctor bears to the town; and for the lessons which it will teach those who come after us. In behalf of the town I extend a cordial welcome and the right hand of fellowship to his Excellency, the Governor, and the distinguished citizens of adjoining towns."

At the conclusion of Mr. Deane's speech, three cheers for Governor Proctor were called for by General Davis, the President of the day and they were given with a will and a heartiness.

After music by the Rutland band the exercises were continued in a large tent erected for the purpose in the rear of the hall. A platform was erected at one end and from this the addresses were delivered. The exercises were opened by music of the Springfield band and a song by the Rutland Glee Club.

The orator of the day, Col. William C. Holbrook, 7th Vermont regiment, was introduced by Gen. Davis with a few appropriate remarks.

Col. Holbrook said that when asked to take part in these memorial exercises, he felt impelled by a sense of duty to the old comrades to respond. It was his good fortune to serve with a considerable number of Cavendish boys almost from the beginning to the close of the Rebellion. He knew whereof he spoke when he said no better or braver soldiers were sent from any community than from this. The largest number of men from this town in any one regiment were enlisted in the seventh, which he had the honor to command during the greater portion of its long and arduous period of service, and before joining the seventh he was lieutenant in the fourth, commanded by Captain Atherton, largely made up of Cavendish men.

A response in behalf of Cavendish soldiers was made by Captain H. B. Atherton of the Fourth Vermont Regiment. Capt. Atherton paid tribute to his comrades in arms, both living and dead, his friends and fellow townsmen, and gave a review of the War in general. At the conclusion of his address, a medley

was sung by George F. Clark and Hank White, the veteran minstrels.

Rev. Enright of the Methodist church of Cavendish, then read President Lincoln's address at the dedication of the Gettysburg cemetery.

Music was then furnished by the Rutland Drum Corps.

Ex-Governor Fletcher was then called upon by Gen. Davis to introduce a living Governor. Gov. Fletcher came forward with the remark, "Don't be alarmed, friends; I am not called out for a speech." He said he always had an attachment for living governors, and, with a few pleasant remarks, introduced His Excellency, Governor Barstow.

Governor Barstow said he owed it to himself to say that he had no idea of speaking until he arrived in Cavendish; he knew of no town more worthy of honor than Cavendish; her sons are represented in every branch of the service, and the files on record show that she more than filled the quota when the demand for troops was made, and was credited with six more than her share, and they will stand to her credit forever in case of another war. In times of peace, those who gave their lives for the country's defense must not be forgotten; and it is through one's patriotism and generosity that their names will be perpetuated.

Gen. Davis then said he would call on a colonel, a general, and an ex-member of Congress—all in one man—William W. Grout. Gen. Grout said, when he got off the cars at the station he was handed a programme and he saw that it was announced that something was expected of him. He said he was glad to meet all present and be in the town that gave up so many lives that liberty might be preserved. This monument is the magnificent gift of one with whom he had been in service and had known since youth and one whom he honored.

Gen. Davis said he wanted to introduce a war governor, a man who worked for you early and late—Ex-Governor Holbrook. Gov. Holbrook said that it was good to be here on this interesting occasion and to meet many old acquaintances and revive memories of the past. He said he did not come here to make any extended remarks.

Ex Governor J. B. Page was introduced as another governor who the whole State knew and honored in the time of war. Gov. Page said he was used to being drafted, but not making speeches. He said he came as a volunteer, and by coming he wished to show his appreciation and admiration of this generous donation by one of their former citizens.

Ex Governor Proctor being called upon said: "Mr. President, comrades, neighbors and friends—it seemed to me that a few words was all I could properly say today. But we must never lose sight of the fact that this is a day sacred to great memories. I do not feel that I have violated this duty in associating with it memories also sacred of home and family and friends. I was the last of my name in the old house at Proctorsville, and this has always made me question my right to leave it. Every spot about it brings down memory of the life and work of those who were near and dear to me. I am the last of my father's family. The others have been gathered from the old home, from Rutland, from the shores of the Pacific, the waters of the Hudson, to their rest on the hillside. But the day brings pleasant memories as well as sad. It will be one hundred years next winter since my grandfather, a stout soldier and officer through the Revolution, came at its close to Proctorsville, two years before my wife's great grandfather, Salmon Dutton, came on to this village. Both found a wilderness, but thriving and pleasant villages grew up around them. They devoted themselves to subduing the wilds and to fighting each other with equal energy. The rivalry between them and their descendants and the two villages continued strong and earnest for seventy-five years. Each tried to surpass the other, and this, with all the evil, had some good results. It certainly kept their energies and ambition in full exercise. Twenty-five years ago this very week my wife and I stood up before the minister in the old red house on the corner—now one hundred years old—and promised to stop the quarrel, so far as we were concerned. The old grudge would crop out for awhile after that—all on the Dutton side, of course—but it is all quiet now. We named our first boy, Fletcher Dutton Proctor, and if the old names and blood had the old inclination left to stir up strife it would have created a fearful internal commotion. So you see besides

Decoration Day, this is a centennial and a silver wedding as well. Pardon this personal matter. Your presence here is my speech. If from this day you carry away a resolve that you will be true to its sacred memories hereafter, my purpose will be fully accomplished."

Hon. Geo. Nichols, in answer to the call, said that he would only take the time to say that this example and the result of these efforts of Governor Proctor to perpetuate the memory of the fallen will be highly prized and continuously remembered in the land.

There were a large number of people present, variously estimated at from three to five thousand. The exercises were all of high order. Hatch's Military Band gave some fine music. The Kingsley Guards made a splendid appearance, and the G.A.R. veterans and Sons of Veterans of Rutland added largely to the success of the occasion.

A little after 5 p.m. the Rutland organizations marched to Proctorsville to do honor to Ex-Governor Fletcher. Arriving at his home, the companies faced his residence and saluted him with cheers. He said he was greatly obliged to them for coming and paying this compliment to him, an old man nearly in his grave. He saw before him the hope of the country. He wished them a pleasant and safe trip home and many thanks for their kindness.

After this, the companies marched to the depot and boarded the train which had left Cavendish and stopped at Proctorsville for them.

Memorial Day, May 31, 1883

## CHAPTER SEVEN

## 150th Anniversary Celebration

1912

CAVENDISH celebrated during Old Home Week the 150th anniversary of the granting of her charter. For a day the quiet dual-community—two villages linked together by business and social interests, a good straight road and the Black River—only a good look apart—sprang from the commonplace to the rating of a hustling, bustling, effulgent center of New England.

The people of Cavendish possess, deep down in their souls, the same hearty, reverential, spontaneous regard for their beautiful valley—for Vermont—that stirred the pioneers. It can be said that in Cavendish the true old-time spirit still exists—untrammeled by commercialism. It is one of the towns where everybody knows everybody, where all can pull together. The assertiveness of the fathers is there. There is plenty of Green Mountain stock in town. The glitter of the eye, the quiet discerning demeanor, rugged insistence and unity for the common good bespeak more for the light that shines from Cavendish than in some communities with which we are acquainted, which assume great things until their bluff is called. Mark well the Vermont community. Go and stay awhile—enjoy a whole-hearted celebration such as Cavendish puts on.

A night entrance into Proctorsville—which has become the principal port of entry—on one of the fast locals of the Rutland railroad, revealed a place of considerable size—long wide, heavy shaded streets—many old time houses interspersed with modern ones, level concrete walks (it is a valley town) and electric lights. Pure, leaf filtered, mountain air pervaded the streets. Guests of the morrow chatted on the porches—sociability reigned supreme.

Thursday morning came fair and sunny. There were smiles, broad ones. Blue-cloaked men with army rifles, boys in khaki, a harlequin upon a bike, soldiers of 1812, passed to and fro



## CHAPTER SEVEN

## 150th Anniversary Celebration

1912

CAVENDISH celebrated during Old Home Week the 150th anniversary of the granting of her charter. For a day the quiet dual-community—two villages linked together by business and social interests, a good straight road and the Black River—only a good look apart—sprang from the commonplace to the rating of a hustling, bustling, effulgent center of New England.

The people of Cavendish possess, deep down in their souls, the same hearty, reverential, spontaneous regard for their beautiful valley—for Vermont—that stirred the pioneers. It can be said that in Cavendish the true old-time spirit still exists—untrammeled by commercialism. It is one of the towns where everybody knows everybody, where all can pull together. The assertiveness of the fathers is there. There is plenty of Green Mountain stock in town. The glitter of the eye, the quiet discerning demeanor, rugged insistence and unity for the common good bespeak more for the light that shines from Cavendish than in some communities with which we are acquainted, which assume great things until their bluff is called. Mark well the Vermont community. Go and stay awhile—enjoy a whole-hearted celebration such as Cavendish puts on.

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Aerial View of Cavendish, 1952



with apparent fixedness of purpose; gaily decorated floats received finishing touches or rumbled to the meeting place, the Ludlow Band arrived promptly, an influx of teams, autos, and pedestrians began and by nine o'clock there was a tremendous stir. Ludlow, Plymouth, Gassets, Chester, Amsden, Felchville, Reading, Windsor, poured their deputations in to witness the parade. Cavendish hospitality was known to all.

"Are you ready? Strike up the drums. Clear away, there! Come on now—keep your distance!" Slowly the avalanche of music, color and stately show, the grotesque, the serious, the sad, depicting the customs of the pioneers, the enterprises of the past-triumphs of the present-civic and social, drew forth its glorious length. This was no common spectacle. Taste, skill and historical accuracy prevailed. "A credit to any city" was the sentiment.

### THE PARADE

*Mounted Marshals*

*John Coffeen and Family Ox Team* with household effects.

"Cavendish or bust." 1770.

*Continental Drum Corps*

*Ethan Allen*

Correctly equipped mounted rider followed by

*Scouts and Continentals*

*Old Coach of State*

This coach was purchased by Gen. James Wilson of Keene, N. H. about 1800 and used by him while Congressman (1809). Later it was sold to J. Atherton of Cavendish. In 1840 Gen. Harrison (afterwards President) rode in it at Chester, Vt.

*Mounted Indians*

*Old Time Sugaring Camp* (Float)

Thatched with green boughs. Drawn by oxen.

*Cloth Manufacturing in 1825* (Float)

Hand loom, flax breaker, hand cards, flax wheel, spinning wheel.

*Dairying in 1840* (Float)

*Old Time School* (Float)

Uproariously in session.

*Old Household Utensils (Float)*

Spinning and flax wheels, with wool in rolls ready to spin. Dash churn, flint locks, foot stove, clock reel-fanning mill in operation.

*Just Married*

Correct old time garb, gig and gayety.

*Harlequin Clown*

*On Our Way to New York*

*The Dr. Story Chaise*

Used also by his father when practicing in West Windsor—body over 150 years old.

*Father Time*

*The Boys of '61*

*Grand Army Post No. 33 (Float)*

Grandsons of Revolution and Red Cross Field Equipment.

*The Ludlow Band*

25 pieces. Leadership of J. W. Sault.

*Cavendish D. A. R. (Float)*

(Conductresses of the Celebration)

Seal of the order—a real flax wheel in operation, white with blue trimmings.

*Y. P. S. C. E.*

Seven young ladies. Float draped in white with red trimming, and drawn by four gray horses.

*Sunshine Society*

Group of nine young girls. Float scheme, white, yellow and green draperies.

*Six Lady Riders*

*Myrtle Rebekah Lodge*

Ladies and children in white featuring Rebekah at the well, care of widows and orphans, and banner bearers. Float white with green and red roses.

*Cavendish Grange*

Six young girls with basket of grain and corn. Float decorated in green and red.

*Ice Gnomes*

Ten frosty figures in white Eskimo garb.

*Singer Sewing Machine*

Pine, evergreens and goldenrod.

*Decorated Vehicle with White Pony*

*The Vermonter Wagon*

*The Rising Generation*

Automobile of James Gay, faced with hemlock—garlands of red roses.

*Decorated Automobile*

Of H. T. Murdock. Decorated with goldenrod and maple leaves.

*Automobile*

Of O. Blanchard. Gay with ferns and goldenrod.

*Automobile*

Of Allen M. Fletcher. Trimmed with cedar and sunflowers.

*Boys on Cycles*

*Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels*

Representation of Hank White's black face aggregation which for 25 years annually emerged from the vicinity for successful tours of the United States and Canada.

*Caricature*

Of the Whole Damn Family, and naturally, to top off with.

*Votes for Women*

A lone female with a flow of apt talk. Lost a wheel in collision but kept on driving because she was "going to see this thing through."—And that was the spirit of the whole show.

A surprise awaited the parade at Cavendish. Onlookers before had been as naught. Batteries of autos fronted the route, before the town hall and mill, carriages occupied every available grass plot, the lawns and steps of many residences were black with people—it was, as one man said "the biggest mob I ever see in Cavendish."

Flags waved, the band played, the dust flew. Hearty appreciation of the triumphs of the parade was evoked all along the line. Cavendish was aglow with welcome and good-will.

With Cavendish as host, the band playing, an historical exhibit in the Baptist church, lunches bought or brought, and old acquaintance not forgot, the time quickly came for exercises on the common. The chairman of the day arrived express from Newport, Vermont, by automobile, and had come 160 miles for the occasion, and immediately took up the gavel.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Clarence Skinner, followed by "the only real orator Cavendish possesses"—Mr. S. E. Emery, who gave an address on John Coffeen and the early settlers, a double quartet of fine, strong voices gave a selection, received with rapt attention,—turned about, got an encore, and came back with "Mary's lamb."

Rev. A. J. Hough, Cavendish's adopted son, read a new poem in his inimitable way, based on the valiant service of the town in the civil war, which showed old friends his ability hadn't waned in the least.

Mr. Lorenzo Spaulding, a former resident, spoke at length upon the reminiscences of his boyhood, saying among other things that he assisted in setting out the great maples about the park.

At this point the winners of the prizes in the morning parade were announced. Best trimmed float, the Rebekahs; second, the Sunshine Society; third, the Christian Endeavor Society; honorable mention—the Grand Army float. Best trimmed auto, J. E. Gay; second, H. T. Murdock; third, Allen M. Fletcher. Best horribles, S. E. Emery; second, Whitmore and Clark's minstrels; third, Just Married.

Two lineal descendants of Capt. Coffeen, the first settler, were then introduced, amid much applause; Mr. A. C. Fuller of Harvard, Mass. and Mrs. Fred Field of North Springfield. Chairman Fletcher then introduced Mr. William Smith, loaned by Cavendish to Springfield in the long ago. Mr. Smith found pleasure in mingling again with the people of Cavendish. He congratulated the town on the successful celebration of an honored history and wished that it continue to stand for the best things, the lasting things, the right things.

The Historical address of Mr. Albin Burbank, who was unable to be present was then read by Mr. Emery. Elliott G. White was next presented by the chairman as an orator Caven-

dish trained in reserve. He related incidents connected with the coming of the railroad and was an apt speaker. Mr. Allen M. Fletcher was scheduled to make the last address of the day but said as the committee had announced it was going to rain (it had sprinkled intermittently to nobody's distress) he would cut short a speech of three hours he had intended to make. This closed the events of the day except for announcement of a band concert at the same place in the evening and a performance of "Red Ace Farm," a home talent play at the other village—Proctorsville.

The historical exhibit shown all day in the vestry of the Baptist church was very complete. Cavendish is a treasure house of old time things. I doubt if a richer collection of relics in good preservation exists in the State. Sixty individuals contributed from one to one hundred articles each.

To summarize this celebration (which incidently was to be held the year before but was postponed by supposed appearance of an infectious disease) it was a recognition of the faith, enterprise, courage, hard work, thrift and good judgment of the early men and women who cleared up and established the farms and industries that today make us a safe, prosperous village. It is rich in historic association and has admirable scenery of the real Green Mountain type; an up and coming ancient town that has an unsurpassed, unconquerable, cohesive spirit.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

## The Flood

1927

THE night of November 3, 1927, will ever stand out in the lives of the citizens of Cavendish as one of horrible uncertainty combined with terrible reality for the flood water of the Black River in five hours carried away to destruction one quarter mile of lower Main street, including seven houses, ten barns, four garages, eight automobiles, ten acres of pasture and woodland, trees, street lights, building lots, and leaving an ugly, unbelievable abyss where formerly was a beautiful residential section.

Seven and one-half inches of rain falling in 24 hours was the cause of the river overflowing its banks and coming down the valley with an unusual violence. Bridges were carried away, roads ruined, mills flooded and houses undermined as the waters tore their way through surrounding towns.



1927 Flood, Proctorsville, Vermont

In Proctorsville the Proctor Woolen Co. suffered the heaviest loss, the finishing-room being half full of water, several tenement houses being undermined and 400 tons of coal floating

away. The current of the river came over the tracks at the Rutland R. R. depot, undermining the Episcopal church and causing washouts which made travel on the state road and railroad impossible for days.

While damage amounting to thousands of dollars took place all along the course of the river, it was left for Cavendish to bear the brunt of the fury of the flood, owing to its location at the lower end of a valley which is one hundred and fifty feet higher than the Whitesville valley just beyond.

Geologists tell us that the upper Black River valley was formerly an immense pond with the northeastern hills of Cavendish acting as a great dam.

In time this body of water found its way out through the hill in what is now known as Cavendish Gorge—a cut through solid rock from twenty-five to one hundred feet deep, which has long been one of the scenic attractions of Windsor county. Some years ago a power company erected a dam fifty feet high and one hundred feet long across the upper end of this gorge, forming a good sized pond in order to utilize the power given by over one hundred feet fall of water. One-half mile from this dam on the other side of the hill is Cavendish Main street, which is part of the state road from Ludlow to Windsor and Claremont. This road passed down a moderately steep grade to Whitesville through a notch in the hills, and here occurred the great washout, one-quarter mile long, one hundred to six hundred feet wide and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty feet deep, estimated to have contained 2,000,000 tons of earth.

Water from the power company's pond used to leak over the side into low land in the rear of the houses on the south side of lower Main street. Therefore a dike was built, and it was necessary to change the level of the brook causing it to run over the notch in the hills near the state road. This notch was too high for the brook so a galvanized iron sluice was built to carry it, twenty-five feet under ground through the gap.

The water of the river rose rapidly Thursday evening until there was two feet of water on lower Main street. The sluice

which was adequate for the small brook, was helpless as the flood waters poured over the dike and then over the notch between the hills. A backward erosion began as early as Thursday afternoon which became more and more rapid as the waters rose. The rampart of earth gave way and the waters poured with gigantic fury through the breach, ripping and tearing tons of soil from the bottom and sides and taking with it everything in its path. In a very short time the crevasse was many feet deep and foundations of houses were undermined so that buildings collapsed in the air as they fell to the waters far below. Into this roaring torrent, houses continued to fall at half-hour intervals until it appeared that half of the village was doomed. In the inky blackness and pouring rain, no one knew which house would be the next to go and the suddenness with which the buildings fell made it very dangerous to try to salvage furnishings. There were many narrow escapes, some of the people being barely 50 feet from their houses when the buildings disappeared.

The abyss continued to deepen and widen until the flood uncovered a ledge which stopped further erosion. This ledge saved at least ten homes, two of which, with the school house, were left located in dangerous positions on the edge of the crevasse.

All the homes destroyed were owned by typical, thrifty Vermonters, and were attractive places—representing the savings of a lifetime.

Although the property of the woolen mill owned by Gay Bros. Co. (the chief industry of the town) was flooded with three feet of water, their loss was not great and they were able to start operations a few days after the flood.

With the splendid assistance of the surrounding towns, several thousand dollars were raised by the Cavendish citizens as a relief fund, and this was used in cooperation with the American Red Cross to build and furnish new homes for the flood victims.

Time, which mellows all things, will dim the horrors and tragedy of this terrible night, but it will never fill the abyss

which was formerly a beautiful street in the typical New England Village of Cavendish. While the community suffered a severe physical loss, it will continue to "carry on"; it found a new spirit of helpfulness, a new relationship of its citizens to one another; new groups of friends outside of town, and a new meaning of what the American Red Cross stands for in times of desperate need. Who shall say in the years to come that the spiritual gains will not offset in large measure the physical losses sustained and that Cavendish will not come forth out of the darkness of suffering into the light of a tested and tried citizenship which will go forward to better things in the future.

## CHAPTER NINE

# John Coffeen Dedication

1936

**O**N August 19, 1936, a dedication of a marker erected by the Cavendish D.A.R. took place to commemorate the first settlement of the first settler in Cavendish.

Highlights from a talk given by Walton A. Green on this day will be presented so as to draw a better viewpoint of Captain John Coffeen and his family; a settler's life and times.

Nothing of importance happened early in the life of John Coffeen. He married Susanna Goldsmith, in 1752 and they first settled in Middletown, Conn., where they lived about four years.

In 1768 John Coffeen took a right of land in Vermont, probably from one of the proprietors, and the next winter started there. When he got to No. 4 (Charlestown, N.H.) he was unable to cross and was detained three weeks. It was the 8th day of June, 1769 when he arrived at the 10 mile encampment on the Crown Point Road in Weathersfield. Unable to proceed further with his team, he set about loading the horses with provisions and clothing, then with his wife and eight children proceeded on foot nearly ten miles into the wilderness to the spot which was to be their home. They arrived about sunset and started a fire by the side of a log near a spring of water, and back west of this marker about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile they passed their first night in Cavendish. The next day they succeeded in constructing a dwelling.

At the commencement of the Revolution in 1775 there were 7 families in Cavendish, but during the first year four of them went back to more settled parts. For the want of those bred to the profession, it fell to the lot of Capt. Coffeen to serve both as physician and minister, and for a distance of thirty miles he helped the scattered settlers.

During 1777 the three families remaining in Cavendish suffered losses from the soldiers, but Capt. Coffeen being on the

main road of the northern army suffered more than the others. After the surrender of Crown Point and Ticonderoga the militia returned through this town. They arrived during a severe storm; the house was immediately filled to overflowing and those not accommodated built fires outside. They stripped the house and turned their horses into growing acres of grain. Captain Coffeen's hopes and prospects being blasted he sent his family off during the remainder of the summer for his farm was a common and his house a camp for the vagrant soldiery, several of whom died under its roof.

Cavindish August ye 28, 1777

This is my account for barrack Room and Damagess for the use of and Done by the party Stationed at my house in Cavin-dish by Genl. Starke under the command of Mr. Wm. Heywood Maj'r as they had the whole of my house and about three thou-sand Boardes which were all much Damaged and also other things in the whole to the value at least £ 6-10-6 Lawfull money as Good as the Money is now.

Attest. John Coffeen

State of New Hampshire, Charlestown, Septem. 28th 1779.

These cerify that a party of men Under my Command were Stationed at J. Coffeen's by Genl. Starke as above mentioned, and made use of sd, Coffeen's house also for the use of ye Soldiers about four weeks.

Attest. Wm. Haywood, Maj'r

(The spelling and Capitalization as shown above are written in the original document)

Captain Coffeen was a member of the Const. Convention at Windsor which adopted the state Constitution July 2, 1777.

He was also our first Representative to the Legislature, March 12, 1778. He was selectman of Cavendish 1782 and 1788 and held some town office nearly every year for many years.

At Town Meeting, March 13, 1788, held at Capt. Coffeen's home, he was chosen Chairman of a Committee to ascertain the boundary of Cavendish.

Susanna Coffeen was the only woman who lived in Cavendish all through the Revolution. Her courage and daring and aid given to the troops passing from the defenses at Lake Champlain eastward to Boston, her care of sick soldiers passing through the wilderness, some of whom died and are buried in the same cemetery where her remains now lie, have given her a place in the early history of the country.

Captain Coffeen's last years were uneventful. He was buried near his house where he died.

Erected  
In Memory of Capt.  
John Coffeen  
Who died Nov. 29, 1802  
in the 76th year of his age  
He began the settlement of  
this town in June 1770. He  
lived respected and died lamented.

## CHAPTER TEN

## A Brief Chronology

1950

**I**N order to complete the history this chapter will be devoted to events from the past—to renew memories of the people—pointing toward a better future based on the toil and labor of our first settlers.

Cavendish—with its history beginning in reality many years before the date of settlement—can claim the first white child born in Windsor County and the third white woman born in Vermont, Elizabeth Captive Johnson, a portion of the Old Crown Point Road, a valued heirloom, with charter granted in 1761 and settlement in 1769, and historic monuments and dedications throughout past years.

A brief sketch of the founders of the three villages should serve as a fitting conclusion with a few facts in the present day history.

The village of Proctorsville took its name from Captain Leonard Proctor. He was Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, in the Alarm of April 19th, 1775 at Concord Bridge, and at Bunker Hill under General Washington. He was Selectman in Cavendish in 1784 and 1788, a man of great force of character and skilled in the affairs of the town.

The village of Duttonsville was named for Salmon Dutton. In 1763 he served in Captain Leonard Whitney's Company, which was enlisted for the reduction of Canada. He moved to Cavendish in 1782 and was land surveyor. He was chosen moderator of the first town meeting in Cavendish, was selectman and treasurer in 1785.

The village of Whitesville was named after Samuel White who moved to Cavendish in 1786 and was selectman. He was in the French and Indian War. Also a sergeant at Concord Bridge in 1775. His trade was that of a saddler, and he was a man of great influence.

In 1834 there were in town one meeting house, one academy, nine schoolhouses, eight saw mills, three grist mills, four full-

ing mills, three tanneries, two distilleries, two nail factories, one hat factory, one tin shop, one stove factory, three stores, two taverns. It saw the most prosperous times with diversified interests from 1830 to 1860.



*Cavendish Town Hall and Soldier's Monument*

Now the history moves more into the present day. In 1907 Proctorsville was incorporated. On Aug. 26, 1909, the Twenty-Mile Stream Dedication of a tablet marking the Twenty-Mile Encampment, gave it the prominence it deserved as historic ground. In 1912, the 150th Anniversary Celebration was held—a great day indeed for Cavendish. The American Legion Post in Proctorsville is named for the three who died during the First World War—Wallace-McNulty-Hoyle. Does November 3, 1927 bring back memories? It should for that is the date of the flood when the angry waters of Black River caused un-

lievable destruction. In 1938 the hurricane, and the Second World War in 1941. Cavendish landowners came into the spotlight with the dispute over timberlands, in 1950. The Salmon Dutton house was moved to Shelburne Museum near Burlington, Vt. Many improvements have been seen in some facilities. Both villages have electric street lights, schools and a water supply, with many scenic features of interest.

If Cavendish lives up to its past history it is bound to find a place in the future.

*To Honor Those Who Served in*

**THE WORLD WAR**

*From*

**THE TOWN OF CAVENDISH**

**1914-1918**

**ARMY**

Archacki, Frank	Pollard, Fred D., Jr.
Bailey, Clyde H.	Pollard, Mary V.
Barber, Clifford L.	Pollard, Rowland P.
Battey, Howell C.	Pollard, Roy G.
Booth, Frederick F.	Richardson, George B.
Booth, Raymond A.	Rollins, George O.
Brown, George L.	Searles, S. Clyde
Cooper, Lawrence J.	Seems, Harold F.
Curtis, H. O., Jr.	Shedd, Arthur G.
Daniels, William	Spaulding, James S.
Dix, Morgan H.	Spaulding, Walter H.
Elliott, Hugh G.	Sperry, Fred C.
Gammon, Harry R.	Strong, Frank A.
Green, Clifton F.	Stocker, William H.
Harriman, Wilbur E.	Vail, Edward
Hart, Fenn G.	Vail, Henry
Hart, Jason B.	*Wallace, Frank
Hutchinson, Alvin E.	Wheeler, Merrill D.
Hutchinson, Dallas S.	Wilder, Walter R.
Johnson, Ernest L.	 <b>NAVY</b>
Lawrence, William H.	Glidden, Frank R.
Manley, Alfred E.	Harriman, Byron S.
Manley, Robert M.	Harriman, Robert L.
Morse, Jay K.	*Hoyle, Winthrop P.
Parker, Donald G.	Kelley, Edward L.
Parker, Richard P.	Matava, Harold C.
Pickard, Dwight A.	*McNulty, Truman H.
Pollard, Bryant F.	Pickard, Harold W.

## WORLD WAR II HONOR ROLL

### TOWN OF CAVENDISH

Ahonen, Paul, Jr.	Davis, Carroll B., Jr.
Antoniewicz, Arthur	Davis, Glenn
Austin, Walter S.	Davy, Carl
Ayers, Raymond U.	Davy, Harold
Balch, James	Densmore, Harold
Barber, Victor	DeWalt, Joseph
Bardsley, Walter	Dix, Gordon L.
Barrett, George	Doty, Raymond
Bemis, Glendon	Durand, Gordon
Bemis, Wallace H.	Eastman, Raymond
Berg, Alfred	Emery, Maynard
Berg, Robert	Emmons, Floyd
*Berg, Theodore	Fairbanks, Neil
Berg, Thomas	Farmer, Joseph
Berg, Wilfred Jr.	Farrar, Edwin
Bidgood, Roger	Farrar, Milton
Biggie, Bert	Farrar, Wallace
Bixby, Milton	Field, Ronald
Blanchard, Vernon	Fitzgibbons, Russell
Blumenshed, William	Flanders, Warren
Boutelle, William	Gabranski, Adam
Bradley, Alfred	Gabranski, Dominic
Briggs, Herbert	Gabranski, Frank
Briggs, Myron	Gale, Alwyn
Brown, Forrest	Gammon, Glenn
Brown, Ralph E.	Gay, Olin
Brunelle, Lancier F.	Gay, John
Brunelle, William	Gilchris, Otto R.
Bruso, Arnold	Goodrich, Donald
Butler, Edward	Goodrich, Kenneth
Buxton, George H.	Gilbert, Reynolds
Clogston, Lawrence	Goelec, Joseph
Clogston, Spencer	Green, Charles
Cook, Allen	Guica, Vincent

- Guica, Frank  
Guica, Carmine  
Harris, John  
Heald, Herbert  
\*\*Hodge, Duane  
\*Hodge, Kenneth  
Hodge, Robert  
Hord, Clifford  
Hoxie, Norman B.  
Hutchinson, Barnard  
Hutchinson, Raymond  
Janowski, Antoni  
Janowski, Joseph  
Janowski, Zizmunt  
Jolly, Everett G.  
Kendall, Earl  
Kingsbury, James R.  
Kingsbury, Paul  
Kusina, Michael  
Kusina, Stephen  
Lawrence, Floyd  
Lawrence, Leonard  
Lehto, Waldo  
Lockwood, Clay  
Manley, Bernard  
Manley, Glennard  
Manley, Kenneth  
Manners, Arne J.  
Mathews, Gerald  
McKnight, Joseph  
Morgan, Edwin  
Moot, George  
Morgan, George W.  
Parker, Carl  
Parker, Charles  
Parker, Donald  
Parker, Gerald  
Pelkey, Edward G.  
Pelkey, Edward P.  
Pelkey, James  
Percy, Arah  
Percy, Merrill N.  
Percy, Merrill N., Jr.  
\*Percy, Morris  
Perham, Gilbert  
Phillips, Raymond L.  
Pickard, Harold  
Pickett, Edward F.  
Pratt, Richard  
Prokulewicz, Chesloff  
Prokulewicz, Joseph  
Prouty, Alfred  
Richardson, Harold  
Ripchick, Bronislaw  
Ripley, Alfred  
Robinson, Frank W.  
Roche, James J.  
Rowe, Elmer  
Russell, Esmond H.  
Russell, Roy C.  
Russell, Theodore  
Ryan, Raymond J.  
Schlumper, William  
Shea, Wilfred  
Sheehan, Thomas  
\*Sherer, Edward F., Jr.  
Snow, Bernard  
Spaulding, Clifton  
\*Spaulding, H. Allen  
Spaulding, Willis  
Spurr, Russell  
Stein, Sydney  
Stocker, Arthur  
Stocker, Cecil M.

Stocker, Clifford, Jr.	Webb, Halford
Stocker, Frank W.	Welch, Robert R.
Stocker, Richard	Wells, Lawren
Stone, Harold, Jr.	Whitcomb, Harold
Stone, Lawrence	Wilder, Calvin
Taylor, Fernald	Wilder, Elwin G.
Tennyson, Chester L.	Wilder, Howard E.
Thomas, Earl	Winot, Erwin
Tiemann, Philip W.	Winot, Kenneth
Tiemann, Wyeth	Winot, Raymond
Tyrell, Donald	Woods, Raymond, Jr.
Vincent, Arnold	Wyman, George
Walasewicz, Felix	Wyman, Royal
Ward, Donald	

\* Killed in action

\* \* Killed after the War in an Airplane Crash

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